

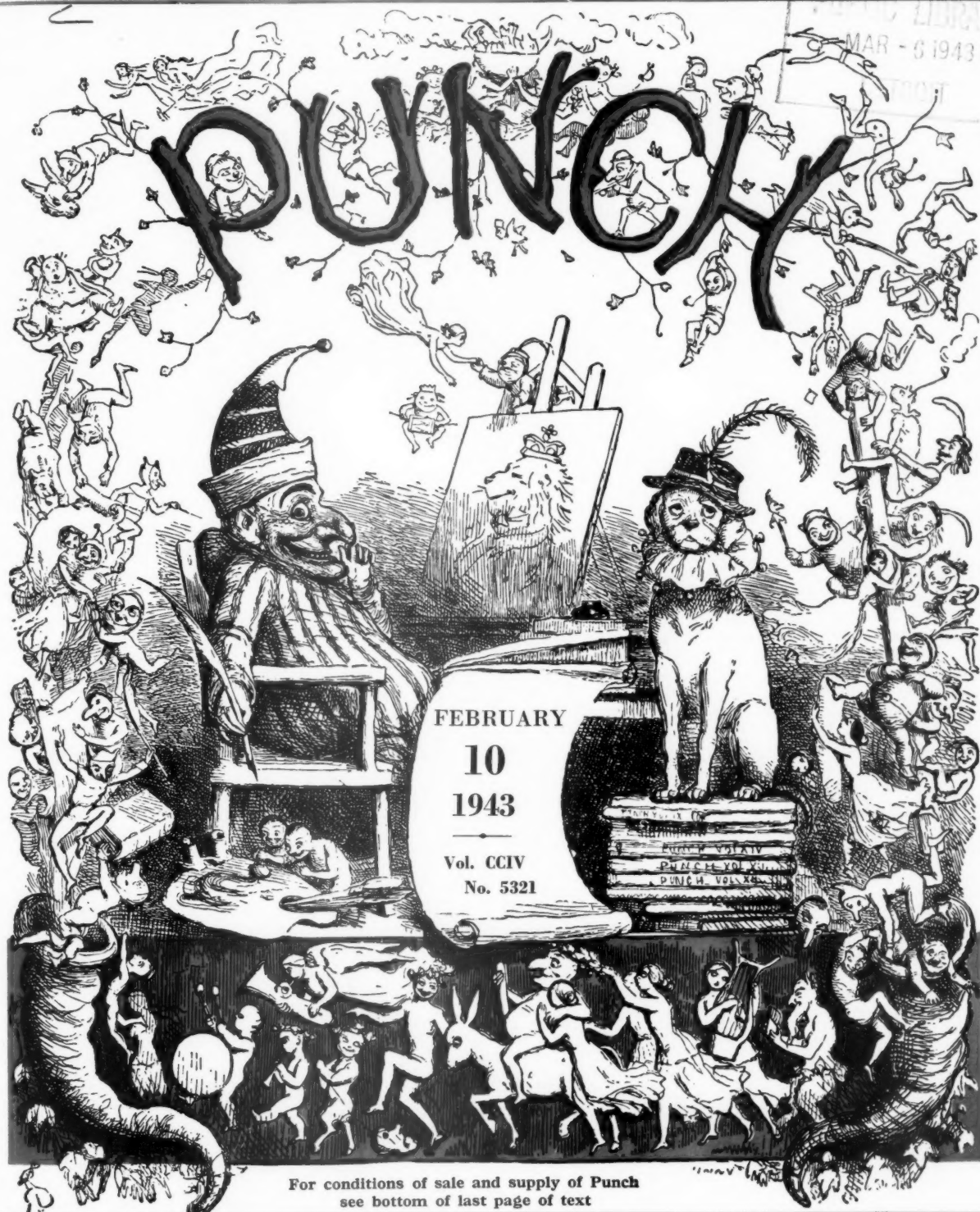


EVERY OUNCE OF RUBBER COUNTS..

Periodical

Treasure Those Tyres

DUNLOP



For conditions of sale and supply of Punch
see bottom of last page of text

"Triplex"— the safety glass
Regd.



YOU will appreciate the warming, comforting influence of delicious 'Ovaltine' in the cold, dreary days of winter. Moreover, you will know that its concentrated, protective nourishment is strengthening your natural powers of resistance against winter ailments.

Scientifically prepared from Nature's best foods, 'Ovaltine' provides the nutritive elements required for building-up and maintaining body, brain and nerves at the highest level of efficiency.

For these reasons make 'Ovaltine' your regular daily beverage for health and vitality. Make it your bedtime beverage too. It will help you to enjoy restful, restorative sleep of the best kind.

'Ovaltine' is easily and quickly prepared. If milk is not available it can be made with water only as 'Ovaltine' itself contains milk. 'Ovaltine' also has the advantage of being naturally sweet so that there is no need to add sugar.

OVALTINE

Builds-up Brain, Nerve and Body

*Prices in Gt. Britain and N. Ireland,
1/1, 1/10 and 3/3 per tin*

P604

**AUSTIN
REED**
*for
Uniforms*



103-113 REGENT STREET, W.1 • 77 CHEAPSIDE, E.C.2. Bath, Belfast, Birmingham, Bournemouth, Bristol, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Harrogate, Hull, Leeds, Liverpool, Manchester, Norwich, Nottingham, Oxford, Sheffield, Southampton. Also at Aldershot, Amesbury, Barmouth, Bothwell, Coventry, Dunbar, Hove, Plymouth, Richmond (Yorks). London Telephone : Regent 6789.

SAVE is the word
for **FUEL**



Sharp's THE WORD
FOR TOFFEE

MINISTRY OF FOOD ANNOUNCEMENT—This is the 1st week of Ration Period No. 8

EDWARD SHARP & SONS LTD. MAIDSTONE

History- in the making



In 1805,
when the express stage-
coach journey from Bath
to London took 2 days,
the firm of Seager Evans
was founded, the makers
of the Gin that to-day
is still unrivalled.

SEAGERS GIN

Supplied to the public through the
Retail Trade ONLY.

22/6 Full size bottle. 11/9 Half bottle.
ESTD 1805



Genasprin

KILLS PAIN QUICKLY—
TIME IT!

We are sorry to dis-
appoint you, but the
vital needs of the
country *must* come
first, and the materials
which go to the mak-
ing of 'Genasprin' and
'Sanatogen' Nerve-
Tonic Food are now
needed for other and
more urgent purposes.
Please remember this
when you have diffi-
culty in obtaining
'Genasprin' and
'Sanatogen'.

SANATOGEN

NERVE-TONIC FOOD

Mechanised Smoking

The wartime shortage of cigarette
lighters reminds us that we offered
a lighting device as long ago as



1890. It was a tape-and-spark
contrivance, rather curiously
described by a well-known clubman
as 'an amusing novelty'.

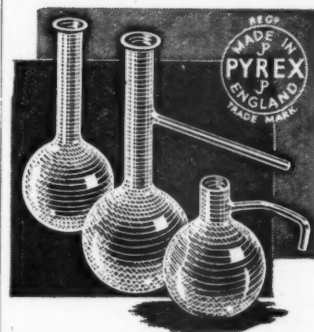
We have always kept in touch
with new ideas in smoking acces-

sories, but the making of high-
grade cigarettes and tobaccos has
remained our predominant interest
ever since we first started business.
And while our clientele has in-
creased throughout the country,
we still give to every customer a
personal consideration in keeping
with the Rothman traditions.

At any Rothman shop you will find
a first-rate selection of cigarettes and
tobaccos — fresh from our blending
rooms, and reasonably priced. Call
in today, or write to headquarters
for details of our postal despatch
service. Rothmans Ltd. (Folio H5),
5 Pall Mall, London, S.W.1.
DUTY FREE Parcels to Prisoners of War and
H.M. Forces Overseas—particulars on
request.

Rothman

OF PALL MALL
the best-known tobacconist
in the world



PYREX Brand

Scientific Glassware
possesses high
chemical Stability

In all laboratory work involv-
ing many severe and string-
ent tests, it is essential that
the Glassware in use should
fulfill the distinctive demands
of the experienced chemist
and scientist.

PYREX Brand Scientific Glass-
ware has irrefutable claims
that place it in the front rank
of all such glassware... resist-
ance to thermal shock; resist-
ance to attacks from acids;
and strength to withstand
continuous everyday handling.

Its low co-efficient of expans-
ion (·0000032) permits the
structure of PYREX Brand
Scientific Glassware to be
much more robust than ordi-
nary glass... thus effectively
reducing the risk of breakage,
and keeping replacement costs
down to a percentage far less
than that of the more fragile
glass.

PYREX Brand Scientific Glass-
ware is supplied only through
Laboratory Furnishers, but
illustrated catalogue and two
free copies of our Chemist's
Notebook will be sent direct on
application to us, which should
be written on trade heading or
accompanied by professional
card.

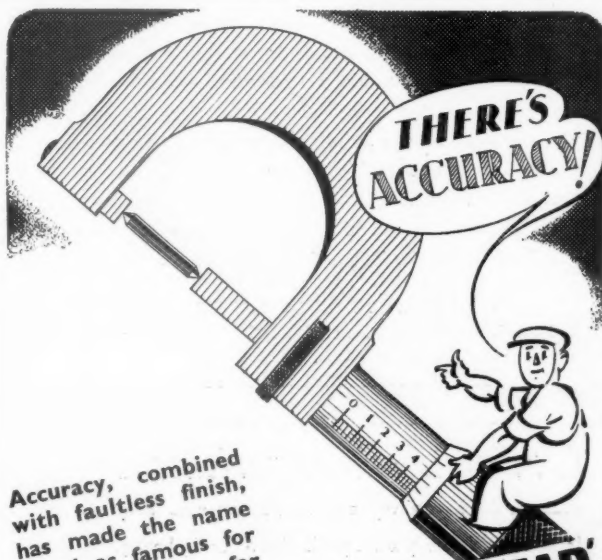
Ask for PYREX Brand and see
that you get it!

PYREX Brand

Scientific Glassware
is made by



James A. Jobling
& Company Ltd.
Wear Glass Works,
SUNDERLAND.



Accuracy, combined
with faultless finish,
has made the name
Stead as famous for
pins as it is for
springs. So for pins
or springs say
"STEAD of Sheffield,"
but remember they
make pins for Industry,
not for the home.

Think in 'STEAD' before you buy

Telephone : Sheffield 22283 (4 lines)

J. STEAD & CO. LTD. SHEFFIELD 2

Thin or Thick
gives
flavour quick



**Yorkshire
Relish**
THICK or THIN

New Controlled Prices:

THICK 11d. THIN 11d. and 1/3d.

Made by Goodall, Backhouse & Co., Ltd., Leeds



**KERFOOT'S
MEDICATED
PASTILLES**

embodying the
manufacturing
experience of
eighty years

MENTHOL & EUCALYPTUS
CATARRH-ANTISEPTIC THROAT
GLYCERINE OF THYMOL

Thomas Kerfoot & Co. Ltd.
Vale of Bardsley
Lancashire

P1

THERE'S NOTHING LIKE
RONUK
FOR POLISHING FLOORS



Best British Brushes for every need

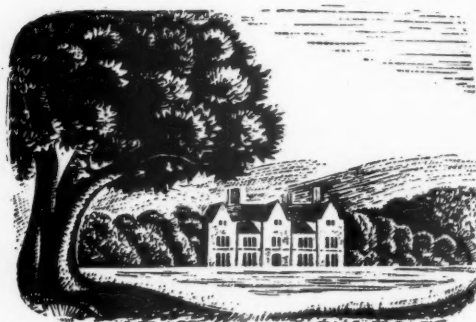
The
**KENT-
COSBY**

Allure
PERFUME HAIRBRUSH

Brushes beauty and fragrance into your hair!

G. S. KENT & SONS, LTD., 222 REGENT ST., LONDON, W.1

- PERFUME PAD
- BRISTLES TAKE OUT TO WASH
- HANDLEBACK NEVER SPOILT BY WATER
- ABSOLUTE CLEANLINESS AT BRISTLE ROOTS



THE ENGLISH LANDSCAPE, so frequently degraded by human settlement, in the Cotswolds acquires from it an added charm. The Cotswolds cannot be copied, but they should serve as an inspiration. A wise use of modern materials and methods will mean an altogether different relationship between town, highway, countryside. Celotex, makers of wall-boards, look with enthusiasm to the time when they will again be able to concentrate upon the problems of peace-time living.

CELOTEX LIMITED
NORTH CIRCULAR RD., STONEBRIDGE PARK, N.W.10

Our skill and experience in making stockings that have always combined beauty with strength is now being devoted mainly to the production of Utility hosiery. Supplies, of course, are now limited, but they are distributed with absolute fairness to all our Aristoc dealers.

'RAYSTOC'
(Rayon)

'ARISTILE'
(Lisle)

★ **UTILITY**
(Rayon & Lisle)

Aristoc

THE ARISTOCRATS OF WARTIME STOCKINGS



QUEEN ANNE
RARE SCOTCH WHISKY



IN THE
BETTER PLACES



By Appointment

Holders of Royal
Appointment to
successive Sovereigns since 1838

HILL THOMSON & CO. LTD
EDINBURGH. Est. 1793



It's CHAIRMAN:

And there is no finer pipe tobacco. In its smoking coolness, in the peculiar charm of its aroma and in its richness of flavour there is no tobacco like it. Economical too—six hours of delightful smoking to every ounce.

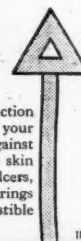
**Chairman
Tobacco**

Three strengths: CHAIRMAN, medium;
BOARDMAN'S, mild; RECORDER,
full. 2/5d. per oz. From tobacconists.

Made by the successors to R. J. Lea, Ltd.

38

**SAFETY
FIRST**



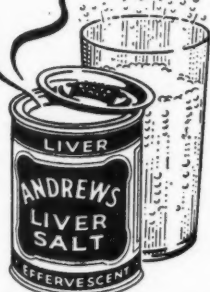
The unrivalled germ-killing action of Cuticura brand Ointment is your best possible safeguard against septic poisoning in cuts and all skin abrasions. Boils, chronic ulcers, rashes, festerings and gatherings all swiftly yield to its irresistible healing power.

Cuticura
OINTMENT

Cephos The safe & certain remedy
FOR COLDS & FLU

Why ANDREWS is the Ideal Tonic Laxative

Excuse me—
ANDREWS
gives you
INNER
CLEANLINESS



When days are cold try Andrews
with the chill off

8 ozs. 1/10¹, including purchase tax

(27-1)



USE A LITTLE Gumption THE HOUSEHOLD PASTE CLEANSER

Prices:
SIZE TWO 1/-
SIZE FIVE 2/-
Supplies Limited

GUMPTION PRODUCTS LTD.
Bush House, London, W.C.2



We women of to-morrow—

need
'KEPLER'
today!



The future health and happiness of your children depend on keeping them fit to-day—during the growing years. They need all the help you can give them—help in the form of extra nourishment and vitamins—particularly during war-time. 'Kepler' Brand Cod Liver Oil with Malt Extract is food and vitamins in concentrated form. It helps to build sturdy limbs and to protect

against infection. Every child loves the malty sweetness of 'Kepler', especially now that sweets are rationed.

● 'Kepler' is delicious malt extract with pure cod liver oil, rich in protective vitamins and of such particularly fine and careful quality that it costs more—3/6 and 6/3.



There's FOOD as well as vitamins in

'KEPLER' COD LIVER OIL WITH
MALT EXTRACT

BURROUGHS WELLCOME & CO. (The Wellcome Foundation Ltd.) LONDON

How to Save

FUEL SOAP LABOUR

You need less soap and fuel, your work is easier if you add a few drops of Scrubb's to the water when washing clothes, washing-up, and washing floors, etc.

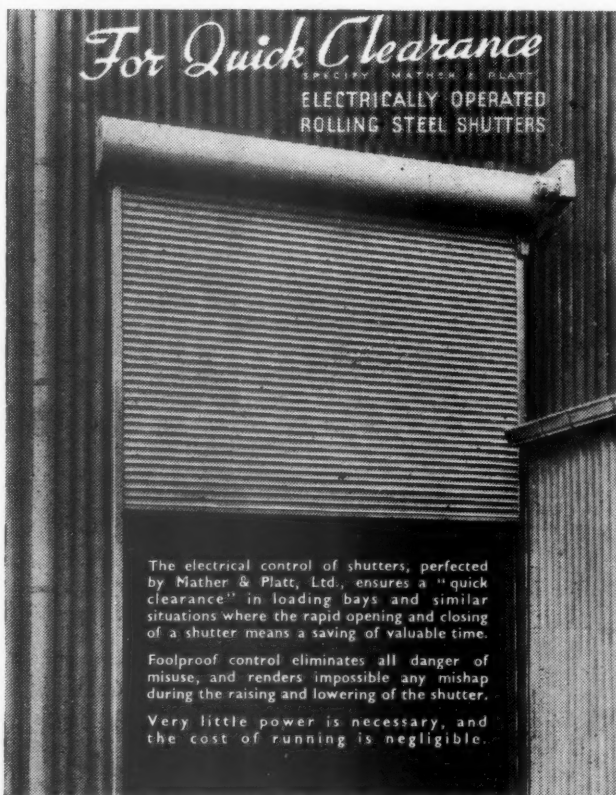
Every Cleaning
need in one bottle
of

SCRUBB'S CLOUDY AMMONIA

PER 1/6 BOTTLE

For Quick Clearance

SPECIFY MATHER & PLATT
ELECTRICALLY OPERATED
ROLLING STEEL SHUTTERS



The electrical control of shutters, perfected by Mather & Platt, Ltd., ensures a "quick clearance" in loading bays and similar situations where the rapid opening and closing of a shutter means a saving of valuable time.

Foolproof control eliminates all danger of misuse, and renders impossible any mishap during the raising and lowering of the shutter.

Very little power is necessary, and the cost of running is negligible.

MATHER & PLATT LIMITED, PARK WORKS, MANCHESTER 10

Barling

PIPE CRAFT

Manufactured
entirely in
London, Eng.



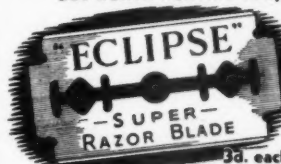
Take care
of your Barling
Pipe. Supplies are
extremely limited, conse-
quently difficult to obtain.

When available, prices are as follows:—
Standard 8.8. S.M. L. E.L.
Index of Sizes or Sandblast 10/6 13/6 14/6 20/-
Ye Olde Wood 8.8. S.M. L. E.L.
clearly Selected Grains 15/6 18/6 21/6 25/-
marked Letters S.S., S.M., L., E.L., on each pipe
on each indicate sizes—Small-Small, Small-
stem, Medium, Large and Extra Large.

B. BARLING & SONS, EST. IN LONDON 1812.
"Makers of the World's Finest Pipes"



Scarce
BUT WORTH HUNTING FOR!



3d. each

(including Purchase Tax)

"Eclipse" Blades (now made only in the popular slotted pattern) are not easily obtainable nowadays, but perseverance is amply rewarded in clean and comfortable shaving.

Obtainable only from Retailers.

JAMES NEILL & CO (SHEFFIELD) LTD.

biscuits are a food . . .

They are more, they are among the highest forms of concentrated nourishment that may be purchased by rich and poor alike. At the moment, to meet national requirements, supplies are somewhat restricted, but, if you are lucky, you may still be able to buy the Quality Biscuits of

McVITIE & PRICE

LTD.

made at their modern factories at
Edinburgh, London and Manchester

Supplied only through retail shops and stores

An epicure dreams of post-war planning



W. SYMINGTON & CO. LTD., MARKET HARBOROUGH

ALL CLEAR



The time will come when you need no longer miss a good picture for want of a film. Meanwhile, the output of Selo films is necessarily restricted, but all available supplies are distributed through approved dealers. If your photographic dealer is out of stock, please do not write to the manufacturers: Ilford Limited cannot supply amateur photographers direct.

SELO FILMS

Made by ILFORD LIMITED, ILFORD, LONDON

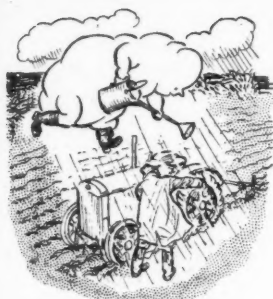


Specially prepared by
Abdulla for all lovers of
the American style cigarette.

Fifth Avenue . 20 for 2/-

173 New Bond Street, W.1

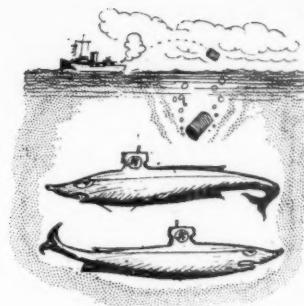




PUNCH

OR

THE LONDON CHARIVARI



Vol. CCIV No. 5321

February 10 1943

Charivaria

FOR the tenth anniversary of Hitler's accession to power citizens of the Reich were forbidden to hang out flags. They were simply asked to hang out.

"Laval Recovers From 'Flu,'" according to a heading. Lost his grippe.

Thick or Clear?

"Our attempt in late November to take Tunis having failed and a second stronger push having been foiled by the weather at Christmas, the Germans and Italians have had time to bring in enough men, planes and supplies to make a sudden soup seem out of the question."

Daily Telegraph.

It is said that radio speakers sometimes pause momentarily for a sip of tea. When television returns we shall be disappointed if our favourite announcer is not genteel enough to crook his little finger.



Thirty-one cooks are now employed in one Army canteen. This does away with the necessity of explaining about the broth.

A North of England Council have two secondhand steam-rollers for sale. They make excellent paperweights.

"Although we have only a few, our cigars are the best things out," runs a notice in a tobacconist's window. Such candour is to be commended.

A Rome newspaper refers to "the Italian nation from Mussolini downwards." The editor has little sense of direction.

"I generally chat with the man who reads my electric meter, as he is a veteran of many wars," says a correspondent. When the bill arrives it no doubt gives fuller details of the charge of the light brigade.

Hitler did not make a speech on this occasion. But it didn't matter. The world is word-perfect.

During a draughts championship one of the finalists fell into a trance which lasted for a fortnight. Several days are said to have passed before his friends realized that he was not thinking out his next move.

A grocer pleaded guilty to having faulty scales. He saw the error of his weighs.

Solution

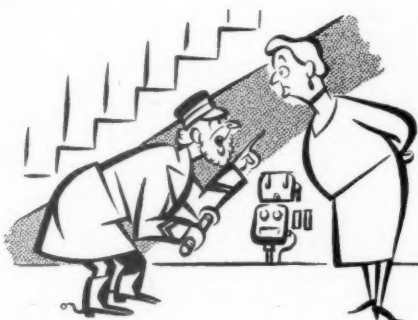
"There were other similar control rooms in Hull, she said, in one of which the door had to be kept closed because rates came in when it was opened."—*Provincial Paper.*

"Goering, as an individual, is very wide awake," asserts a psychologist. The same thing may be said of him asleep.

"Conjurer Charged With Theft," runs a headline. Disappearances were against him.

"There is one unfortunate drawback to every modern play," a producer remarks. He probably refers to the curtain.

"A polar explorer must keep cool in an emergency," says a writer. And at other times warm.



Up and Down

I OFTEN hope that among the great schemes of World Reconstruction that are to be put in hand, not perhaps immediately after the war is ended but two or three years after—when we have had time to think about them and co-ordinate them, and apportion the priority of their importance—the repair of my lift will find a place.

My flat is on the fifth floor, and my lift has not been working for a month. It is good for me, no doubt, to climb many stairs. It is a saving of much fuel that my lift should remain silent and still. There is a notice on the closed gateway which says in large red letters

DANGER MEN WORKING

This is a lie. There are no men working, because there are no men to be found. There is no danger because the gate is automatically locked. Some part of the machinery proper to a lift cannot (owing to Hitler) be obtained, and the lift (unessential to our war effort) has ceased to labour. It rises and falls no more. I do not complain of this. I merely complain that I did not take my flat on these terms. If I had wanted to climb mountains I should have selected a block of flats that had no lift. My ardent spirit would have been satisfied, and I should have had to pay much less.

But I considered (rightly or wrongly) that part of the fanciful rent I am paying is being paid for the privilege of pressing a button and being wafted without trouble to my little eyrie in the clouds. As it is, my rent remains unaltered and my lift remains unrepaired. My only consolation (I think I have dwelt on this before) is that I have now become as patriotic as the people who live on the ground floor. Until the lift stopped working they were five times as patriotic as I am. This galled me a good deal, but so does a heavy suitcase carried up five flights of stairs.

The porters? you will ask. I hope I have too great a respect for extreme old age to ask any of the present porters to scale that awful eminence.

In course of time doubtless Mr. Bevin will call upon these good but aged men to build aeroplanes or tanks or battle-ships. They are excellent and worthy citizens, and will probably build these things very well, but they are not mountaineers. The whole position (in law) of those who live in flats might well be surveyed by our wise and beneficent Government, if it ever has time to do so. If the central heating, if the hot water is cut off, if all the lifts become immobilized, if all the porters fade away into industry, that is to the advantage of the State. But it is also (as I see it) to the advantage of the flat-owners who continue to charge for amenities which they can no longer make any attempt to supply. Would they have me (failing at best in wind and limb) drawn up in a basket to my lair? No doubt they would.

Dark-haired dreamy-eyed men living (or so I like to picture them) in riparian palaces at Maidenhead or elsewhere, they do not have to worry about my wind. It is enough that they should receive their rents, and if somewhere in the roof-tops of London the aged and infirm, forbidden by their doctors to make precipitous ascents, remain immured and lonely until Peace blossoms again,

well what would you? In the war, as at the war. People must live in London. If there are not enough houses they must live in flats. If the flats become crannies for rock-climbers rather than convenient dwelling-places, only Hitler is to blame.

I sometimes think with sorrow of the people on the seventh floor. I hear their pantings and their groanings as they pass beyond and above me. They sink exhausted on their landing for a minute or two before they have strength to rise and fumble at their key-holes. It is all very sad indeed.

It was even sadder, even stranger perhaps in the flat which I left before I came here. The whole block was like a college in a campus of its own. Dogs and tradesmen were told to keep off the grass. There was a page boy. Elegant shrubs abounded. Sun-blinds shielded the windows from glare. My flat was described as a "luxury" flat. It was still described (though not so clearly) as a luxury flat after a bomb had hit the letting office and knocked it endways. The notice then ran

THESE	S
AND WELL	TED
LUX	ATS

but nobody seemed to bother to call.

That was during the Battle of Britain. Nearly all the tenants went away. I don't know what they paid to escape from their leases. Oil canisters burst and bedewed the trees. Sometimes the water was cut off. Glass filled the rooms. Burdocks and thistles grew about the once well-shaven lawns. Incendiaries fell through the roof. We spent our nights in the courtyard looking out for more. When they came down we put them out with buckets and pumps, or covered them with sand. There was an enormous hole in the road. I think it went down to the bed of the Fleet. The telephone exchange was neatly plugged through the middle. A vast projectile came down by parachute and hung on a lilac bush. The A.A. guns a few hundred yards away lifted and rocked the structure night after night. Three flats were destroyed by some of our own shells. Finally no one was left but ourselves and one very old gentleman who was entirely deaf. He could not hear the bombs nor our guns' reply. He could only feel the motion of the floor, and he rather liked it. He said it reminded him of the Solent.

Looking back at it I feel that we and the porters between us saved those premises from utter ruin. Bits of them and splinters of shells were always tumbling about us. We propped up the flats, as it were, with one hand, and squirted water with the other. There was a wasps' nest in the air-raid shelter. Wasps are queer things. We had no compulsory fire-watchers in those days. Two hours' sleep a night were the most we expected to enjoy. One might have said (if one was disposed, as I am not, to exaggerate) that the amenities of these luxury flats had been considerably impaired. But the rent remained the same.

Finally the Office of Works, or whatever they call the thing, took over the whole place as a barracks. But the Battle of Britain was over by that time. The building shook itself together and settled down. It is probably a very agreeable residence as barracks go.

When we emerged by compulsion and against our will we expected some word of praise, some letter of approval from the owners for holding up their property and trying to preserve it for them through those uproarious nights

The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply owing to war conditions are advertised in this paper should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export.



TARGET FOR TO-MORROW

["I think there are darn good prospects of an air attack on Tokyo. When or how it will be hit I will not say, but they had better get ready."—Col. Knox, Secretary of the U.S. Navy.]



"And again, the training one gets as a sapper is definitely a help to one after the war."

and days. We thought an illuminated address presented with a little ceremonial by the agents walking in procession with banners and perhaps a cash reward was the least that could be offered to us in recognition of our noble determination to stay put. We were, after all, helping to advertise the flat-owners' property. We were a lucky and living testimonial to the fact that

THESE	S
AND WELL	TED
LUX	ATS

were all they pretended to be. We received no such presentation, no such reward. Instead of that they demanded half a year's rent in lieu of dilapidations. Part of that we paid. In the war, as at the war.

This other block of flats is entirely undamaged. The Battle of Britain is over. Yet, as I say, every time I surmount my ninety stairs, especially when I am carrying anything heavy, I think about World Reconstruction and rents and property owners, and wonder how long it will take, after Hitler has surrendered unconditionally to the Allied Nations, to get my lift working again. EVOE.

Rhyme About Rhymes

THE editor rebuked me. And the cause?
It seems I'd rhymed that bally word with "yours."
This wasn't good enough; he wrote with force
"Don't do this sort of thing, it makes me cross."
It seemed to get him fairly on the raw.
I threw the manuscript into a drawer,
Resolved to make my future rhymes more pure
Although by doing so they might be fewer.
"In fact," I said, "you mutt, why take a chance?
Why risk another kicking in the pants?
Write less and better. Oh, the little more,
And what a world away! Go slow. Make sure."
I waited, then I sent an olive-branch—
A witty little thing about a launch
That did astounding things around Toulon—
A parody of some Provençal song.
But even that came back. "The poem fails
Because," he said, "you can't pronounce 'Marseilles.'
Why go abroad? There's atmosphere enough
In Britain. Why not try a Scottish lough?"

Twilight Over Britannia

(The Influence of Present Trends in Fertility and Mortality upon the Future Population of England and Wales, and upon its Age Composition.)

A Review

I HAVE now had time to make a careful study of the Beveridge Report and you will all be wanting to know what I think about it. It is an excellent book—quite the best of its kind since Milton's *Pro Populo Anglicano Defensio*—and should prove an indispensable guide to those about to marry.

I quarrel with the author only on one point. He is unduly pessimistic in his forecasts of the trend of the population up to (and including) 1951, while he is far too optimistic in his predictions concerning the following decade. The future is not a closed book to those with a gift for statistical inquiry and plenty of helpers. We (my colleagues and I) have collected thousands of "samples" during the last few years. Our method is simple. We stand at a busy point in each of the great cities and interrogate every fifth slow-moving pedestrian. Our chief question is: "What do you think will be the population of Britain in (1) 1951 and (2) 1961?" It is an easy matter to arrive at the truth by calculating the average of all answers given. I find that by 1951 the population will have increased to 64,371,957. This improvement will be due to the following factors:—

(1) The long-term nutritive effects of "Slam," "Chup," "Scrunch" and other vitamin-laden lease-lend supplies.

(2) The presence in these islands of the Australian Test Team (and manager).

(3) A certain amount of overlapping and duplication in census returns.

(4) The long-term effects of the wartime adulteration of beer.

(5) The return of British lecturers from the U.S.A.

(6) The psychological effect of the one hundred and twentieth anniversary celebrations of the death of T. R. Malthus.

But the improvement will be only temporary. By 1952 the population will have resumed its headlong descent into oblivion and by 1961 the inhabitants of these islands will number only 1,159. Think of that! Worse still, eight and a half out of every ten persons will be over eighty-three years

of age. At the time of typing the average age of our Members of Parliament is 58.137; by 1961 it will be 91.725. There will be no settled government. The death-rate or turnover of M.P.s will be so great that thirty-five per cent. of the electoral districts will be holding by-elections every week. The unemployed will be mad with hunger and, like as not, there will be the coldest winter within living memory.

There, I have spared you nothing. The grim picture is before your eyes. Every responsible reader will now be asking himself: "How can I help the country to avoid this catastrophe?"

FROM ISOLATED POSTS

FROM a letter received: "I write to express the great gratitude of the men and of ourselves. It has been such a pleasure to take round these woollies and see the delight of the men and hear the next day that they'd been really warm the night before. These men have a very hard time and have to stand-to in all weathers with very little protection. The gifts provided by your Fund have made a very real difference to them." Please join in the service by sending your contribution. Donations will be gratefully received and acknowledged by Mr. Punch at PUNCH COMFORTS FUND, 10 Bouverie Street, London, E.C.4.

The idea that the solution lies with larger families is too simple to detain us long. We must do more than scratch the surface of the monster of depopulation. Write to your life assurance company about it.

Going Up?

WHEN new to the service I was full of initial enthusiasm and gullibility, so much so that I volunteered to undergo physical tests in a ground-level laboratory or strato-chamber in which conditions of atmospheric pressure, temperature and humidity could be simulated. It was known that at high altitudes resultant oxygen deficiency had marked effects on aircrews, causing loss of power of concentration and impairing mental faculties and physical endurance

generally. Identical symptoms can be induced another way on the ground, but this method is so common as to be devoid of research value.

I was to be the guinea-pig for the experiment in which a very profound-looking medico was to observe progressive effect of altitude on my limited powers of concentration and naturally sluggish metabolism. This doctor had the audacity to suggest that perhaps I was hardly fair material for the psychological side of the test. Still, he was famous in his line and was reputed to have isolated the measles virus until it had finally died of loneliness.

Hermetically-sealed doors and windows were closed and I was gradually "elevated" to the sub-stratosphere. At fifteen thousand feet I was given a "simple" problem and instructed to write my answer. It was all about two armies: if one army left Tsmilyansk for Kletskaya making three versts a day and the other went in the opposite direction from Kletskaya at eighteen kilometres a day, how far apart would they be when they met. Well, this was quite beyond me, so I wrote "nil," which proved surprisingly accurate.

At seventeen thousand feet they gave me an elementary problem in navigation which, of course, was sheer child's play. I played with it for about twelve minutes and gave it up, though I did produce an excellent drawing of an elephant with curly tusks. Despite the elephant I got no marks for that one.

When the altimeter indicated nineteen thousand feet I was given the supreme test for genius—a sum. Viz:

	3
plus	2
minus	2
plus	3
plus	5
divided by	1

I worked on this a long, long time and at last, in despair, put = Infinity. Security regulations preclude me from giving the correct result now, but suffice it to say that my answer was wrong. At this point I was suddenly seized by my wife's brother who had somehow got into the test-chamber. He was a big man and bore me a grudge which he proceeded to avenge by banging my helpless head with a mallet. I was nearly done in before the pungent sting of ammonia in my nostrils brought me back to earth. Ever since then I have had a fear of becoming unconscious again and of too much alacrity for voluntary labour.

Unconditional Surrender

WE met at a sherry party. There was no sherry of course, but someone had some rum, and this, as everybody knows, makes an excellent apéritif when mixed with whisky and a dash of ginger-wine. You find you can eat twice as many potatoes at dinner as the number you first thought of.

She was slight and dark and—how you say?—*sympathique*. "You know Nancy, don't you?" somebody had said, and there we were.

"Hullo, Nancy," I said—feeling rather dashing, as I always do when I use a Christian name straight off the reel without so much as asking for an interview with the girl's father. "Have a Zem-Zem?"

While we were sipping this fearsome thing I found myself brooding about Christian names. We used to use them rather sparingly in the days when the world was young, and it was a pretty big step forward, I remember, to call a girl anything more intimate than Miss Hoskyns or, it might be, Miss Stephens. "Honorina—may I call you Honorina?" we used to say eagerly; and she, if she knew what she was about, would reply, "I'd like you to—Jack." And never, I dare say, had we realized how delightful our own name could sound until we heard it trembling on those soft yet firmly-moulded lips.

But now all this sort of thing seems to have come to an end. I suppose—I don't know, I'm only guessing—but it may be that nowadays there comes a moment when the young man says "Honorina—may I call you Miss Hoskyns?" and they both blush deeply at all that the request implies. It may be so, but it sounds a tepid affair to me.

I drained my Zem-Zem and took a swift decision.

"Nancy," I said, "will you tell me your name?"

"Why—Nancy," she said, raising her windswept eyebrows.

"What did you think Nancy was? An alias?"

"No, no," I said in some confusion. "I mean your real name, your—your surname."



"Oh, that," she said. "Well, if you must know, it's a perfectly frightful name, it's—as a matter of fact it's Bigtopp. Though I suppose it might have been worse."

"Easily," I said, without thinking, and there we were both blushing, though not quite in the way we used to blush before the horseless carriage came in. For a moment it crossed my mind to tell her that never had I heard the name Bigtopp sound so delightful as it did on her delicately-chiselled lips, but I forebore. One does not want to become maudlin at my age, even after a Zem-Zem. So I struck a lighter note.

"May I—" I said eagerly—"may I get you a Gremlin?" Now a Gremlin is very like a Zem-Zem, but it has twice as much rum. In a very little time we were firm friends and I was calling her Nancy quite openly and freely, and she was calling me Hubert—I don't know why, unless she thought it was my name.

We spoke of books. Neither of us had read *War and Peace*, which was a bond. She said she'd heard that reading it for two hours a day, including Sundays, the average person took seven months to finish it, which seemed a sort of drawback in a way. I agreed, and added that I understood there was a further difficulty; by the time you got to the end you were certain to have forgotten the beginning and had to start all over again—like painting the Forth Bridge.

"Oh, do you paint?" she asked eagerly.

"Well," I said, "not the Forth Bridge."

"How thrilling!" she breathed.

"Oh, I don't know," I said modestly. "Lots of people don't."

"Don't what?"

"Don't paint the Forth Bridge. It's just a knack, you know, like not raising hogs. Do you remember the letter from the man who was going to make a fortune by not raising hogs?"

"No, I don't."

"You ought to read it," I said. "It's good."

"I don't believe you paint at all," she said.

I saw that we were drifting apart, and asked her if she had read *The Song of Bernadette*. "Everybody's reading it," I said. I happened to know that because I was told so at the book-stall on No. 10 platform at King's Cross.

"Well, I'm not," she said.

Neither was I, so we spoke of that amazing book by the American chap who had been a correspondent in Berlin. There was a little difficulty at first, because neither of us was sure which of the half-dozen or so possible books the other was talking about, but it turned out in the end that neither of us had read any of them, so that was all right.

We had another Gremlin to celebrate the coincidence.

That was really all the talk we had about books, because a boorish sort of chap came up and started a long-winded statement about Casablanca. Not an ounce of interest in literature in him, I should say. All he seemed to care about was the prospect of an Allied push through the Balkans in the summer. "About June," he said casually, as though he had been hiding behind the coffee-pot when Roosevelt mentioned the idea to Churchill. I never disliked a man more, and when at last he took himself off I didn't hesitate to say so.

"Ugh!" I said. "Do him good to be pushed through the Balkans himself. What's the fearful fellow's name?"

"Well," she said, "as a matter of fact it's a perfectly frightful name. If you must know—"

"No, no," I said, with my gaze riveted on her left hand. "No, no. I think I'm going to faint."

It is always at about this point in my conversations at sherry parties that I notice the wedding-ring. H. F. E.



No, not an accident—merely the hope of getting the taxi as soon as the people getting out of it have settled up the fare.

Close Ties

THE brightest boom becomes a slump,
The stubborn oak endures not long,
And if you think I've got the hump
Wait till you've heard my song;
My matter is the Old School Tie
Which, flashed abroad for many a year,
Now, from a growing lack of dye,
Is doomed to disappear.

'Twixt all O.B.s it formed a bond;
It wakened memories of a spot
Of which the wearer might be fond
Or, possibly, might not.
And, for the frail, it made a mark
By which to let the wide world know
That though his present ways were dark
He was at So-and-So.

And yet, though innocently worn,
'Twas held by some a thing of Pride,
Of Uppishness and lofty Scorn
And plutocratic Side,

And 'tis a painful fact that those
Whose youth had given no claim to such
Said they were looked at down the nose
Which riled them very much.

But now farewell the Old School Tie,
Though lingering yet 'twill soon be dead
And will no doubt be followed by
The communistic Red,
And may some home-born genius rise
Up snorting to his country's call
And, with inventive zeal, devise
One common tie for all.

A Tie for England—mark you that—
A badge that none should be without—
Doesn't the heart go pit-a-pat?
Doesn't the chest blow out?
Let there be no more Left or Right
But all in one harmonious clan
Flaunt in their neckwear "Blow Me Tight,
I am an Englishman." DUM-DUM.



"Even if we are going to have a second front on the Continent, I think this is carrying training too far."

H. J. Talking

THIS week I intend to show you the flattering range of my correspondence, this being so vast that we keep letters in the cellar so that the postman can shoot them through the coal-hole, as otherwise they wear out the carpets in the hall.

DEAR MR. JENKINS,—A little bird has told me that hubby is trying to do me in. He is always bringing me very thick cocoa at odd times, and I am taking the liberty of sending you a wee sample and asking you if you would be so good as to analyse it. One can't be too careful, can one?

Yours most gratefully,

KATIE —

DEAR SIR,—We have recently placed on the market a special line of child-proof furniture and should be glad to let you have a suite for fourteen days on appro. We send a guarantee for five years on completion of the sale, on the condition that your children do not have access to explosives.

We remain, gratefully yours,

— & — Ltd.

DEAR SIR,—As you are a scientist I should like to bring myself to your notice. I practise in Wimpole Street (a fact I am not allowed to advertise) and in my spare time I add to my income by performing feats of surgery at medical smoking concerts. I can operate using my left hand only, standing with my back to the patient and suspended above him by my heels. I have now added another attraction to my repertoire, Blindfold Surgery, and should be delighted to appear at any festivity you may be organizing, for the sum of two guineas.

Yours faithfully,

(Mr.) T. —

DEAR MR. JENKINS,—Could you oblige me with your professional advice? My daughter wishes to go on the films and is always behaving as she says film stars do. She has read somewhere they use bright-yellow make-up when working and she insists on doing the same. As she is a dentist's receptionist this has led to difficulty with her employer. What line of approach do you consider will be most psychologically helpful?

Yours anxiously,

LAURA —

DEAR SIR,—I am engaged on a research thesis and should be glad if you would complete the following questionnaire by return.

Yours, etc.,

MARIGOLD —

Enclosure:

1. Name in full.
2. Age.
3. Married or single.
4. Whether living with wife.
5. Average income from all sources for past three years.
6. Average donation to charity in past three years.
7. Blood group.
8. Do you think the Bible is true (Answer Yes or No)?

DEAR MR. JENKINS,—Your scientific attainments and the high place you hold in the hearts of all who have in mind the best interests of psychological physics embolden us to offer to hire to you our performing lemur, on the condition that nothing permanently destructive is done to him. When we whistle he ties his tail into a reef-knot, and when we clap our hands he ties it into a granny. We leave the terms to your generosity but would like to point out that we could easily get £20 a night from a musical hall, if we considered it quite suitable to appear in public. The Lemur's name is Soames.

Yours expectantly,

AMELIA AND JENNIFER.

DEAR HARMONY,—I often think of you now and of those wild, mad days when we were both young. I sometimes wonder whether we were not made for one another. However, since then I have been married three times and am now planning the fourth adventure on the seas of matrimony. Being out of touch with me, you have probably imagined I am still a spinster, and I am hastening to tell you that my next wedding is on February 25th. By the way, if you were by any chance planning to send me a little gift I am sure you would wish me to let you know that it would really be, as it were, four in one.

Yours affectionately,

YOLANDE —

o o

Before the First Parachute Descent

ALL my world has suddenly gone quiet
Like a railway carriage as it draws into a station;
Conversation fails, laughter dies
And the turning of pages and the striking of matches cease.
All life is lapsed into nervous consciousness,
Frozen like blades of grass in blocks of ice,
Except where one small persistent voice in the corner
Compares with the questioning silence—
With the situation of an electric present—
My self-opinions, pride and confidence of an untried past.

R. S.

Austerity in the Office

THERE are times, I must say, when I begin to think austerity's a bit like business efficiency and if you don't know where to stop you can just go on and on till you never get anywhere. Look at the used envelopes we're still using with all those thousands of new ones just eating their heads off. And how they've the face to charge what they do for labels, I don't know, and with an advert. on at that, so that you feel they ought to be given away with a pound of tea. So when I've rummaged and rummaged and still can't find an old envelope the size I want, and the work all piling up, I just tell Willie to get me a new one because after all someone's got to put them into circulation or where's all the salvage to come from?

It isn't as if we did much in the way of extravagance! I often think if people can find room on some of our letters to put a date stamp on, they're cleverer than I am with those coming in, and the only thing to do is to put a clean sheet on top. Anyway they look such a mess nowadays, with typing into all the corners and turning over too, you can't tell whether a letter's been typed by a proper typist or one of those voluntary workers.

And there is such a thing as saving a thing too long, because one office I was in they were blitzed out twice. And another one I know's coming back from being evacuated next week just when they're at last getting to the end of all their City paper, and now they've got to start altering the country address on everything and two telephones too, and it's almost decided them to go back again, especially after the blitzlet.

Those sirens quite took me aback, I will admit, though it was like old times to have the same old All Clear waking you up in the middle of the night to tell you you could now go to sleep.

Then the next night as I came up the escalator I caught sight of the ALL CLEAR notice resurrected just as I got into the street to find it was simply pouring down and as dark as pitch and me no umbrella the very day I'd got my spring suit on after being at the one-day cleaners' all last week. My own fault for chancing it, I suppose, but it was one of those dull mornings that look like a nice afternoon.

Mr. Head and his wife have been having a wedding anniversary but only what he calls austerity presents. She gave him a pair of braces and he gave her a spectacle case, because she's always losing them, and it's to be hoped the war's over before their silver wedding comes round, let alone golden.

Twenty-firsts are worse though, and Doris is getting worried already about hers next December, though I tell her not to meet trouble half-way, having only just got her this last year's off my mind with mock-fashioned stockings, which are always useful even if they do sound like a vegetarian menu.

It's all very well being given money and putting it into War Savings, but you do that every week and you're only twenty-one once and it is a bit dull, but after all you can quite understand because when people have already given you all their sugar and points towards a cake they feel they've given you something already.

But I do feel sorry for a friend of Doris's girl-friend who's in the Civil Service who's still at college and someone gave her a ream of typing-paper because they have to take their own paper with them now for exams. Austerity or no austerity, I do think that's the limit for a twenty-first, even if all the beauty counters are crammed with nothing but tooth-paste and shaving-cream.

Mr. Head's long week-end has given us a bit of a rest to catch up, so I've been able to get a bit of knitting done in the lunch-hour this week. But Doris is a bit fed up with the R.A.F. because after she'd tried to sew up a pullover with two fronts and no back she found there was no more wool, so she's taken to knitting dish-cloths for her aunt in the country who keeps hens.

Doris says whenever she hears about what stirring times we live in she thinks of dried eggs, and I know just what she means when I see Willie stirring the milk powder for cocoa for our elevenses till it makes your arm ache to watch him. First you mix it dry and then you mix it wet, and then we all take a hand adding boiling water from the kettle with one hand and stirring with the other till Jim, my boy-friend in the drawing-office, says someone ought to write a stirring shanty for us.

It's funny how one thing leads to another, I always think. All because one day we were doing a crossword over our fire-watching and it said beverage in five letters, second letter o, and of course we all said vodka straightaway. And when we found next day it was cocoa, that reminded us as you might say, and we have it every other day now for elevenses and it does save the wet milk the day it doesn't come.

With all this austerity about, you do get so you just can't just throw a thing away—and of course by now you would have thought they'd have provided somewhere to put all the millions and millions that people throw away every day. So you can quite understand anybody doing it without thinking; I've often only just stopped myself in time. But all the same I've got to keep an eye on Jim now, because you don't know what it would lead to if everybody getting off a bus did what he did the other night and carefully put their cigarette-end into the ticket-box.



"I was doing post-war planning, my boy, before you were born!"



"I haven't been able to get a sound out of the wireless all day, John. I told you they'd cut us off if we didn't renew the licence."

No Lesser Loyalties

NO regiment, with proud excluding crest
 Flaunting its several honours, may divide
 The Navy's blue battalions of the sea;
 No numbered precedence, no separate Brigade
 With guarded right and proper privilege.
 All, as the seas, must mingle and cohere,
 Changing and changeless in a constant tide
 Of ships and companies that come and go;
 All in the Service share its equal pride;
 And loss and gain are shared, and the quick
 shame
 Of rare unworthiness.

So is the wide complexity of ship and shore,
 Of tasks and men, of far and near,
 Of air and ocean and the under-sea
 Resolved in unity. So, unimpaired
 By segregating strata in the stone,
 The mounting buttress of tradition holds,
 And scorns the sieging of the centuries.
 Here may the sailor and the citizen,
 Owning conjoint their ocean legacy,
 Bear equally its burden at the need.
 They serve the Navy and they serve the sea;
 No lesser loyalties suffice.



BONNE AFFAIRE

"Look what I've brought back. Rather an interesting pattern, don't you think?"

Impressions of Parliament

Business Done

Tuesday, February 2nd.—House of Commons: The Cost of Things to Come.

Wednesday, February 3rd.—House of Lords: The Tempest.

House of Commons: Economics Again.

Thursday, February 4th.—House of Lords: Secret Session on U-Boats.

House of Commons: Dry Debate on Drainage.

Tuesday, February 2nd.—The place was full of Stage stars to-day, and from the galleries there looked down faces that have launched a thousand box-office successes. Their owners were attending on M.P.s to ask that they should oppose any proposal to allow the opening of theatres on Sundays, and they more or less took over the whole building.

But down on the Floor of the House there was no star. Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL was still on tour—having a ten-night run at MUSSOLINI'S Empire, North Africa (now in liquidation) and shorter stays at Turkey, Cyprus and Egypt.

And even though Mr. CHURCHILL'S normal appearances are less and less frequent, a certain dullness and lifelessness descends on the place when there is no chance of his dropping in with a quip or an oration.

There was a snappiness about the House to-day which suggested nerve-strain, or disappointment, or something.

Perhaps not inappropriately, Sir JAMES GRIGG, the War Minister, always sees red when he sights Mr. D. N. PRITT, whose views are very Left, even though he maintains that they are supremely right. So when Mr. PRITT asked about an allegedly anti-Russian book which had been made available (the House shuddered a little) *to the troops*, the Minister replied with sharpness.

The Government did not agree with the book's anti-Russian sentiments, said he, but *did* agree with its pro-British sentiments! Nasty one that—with the look that went with it.

Mr. PRITT mentioned that the book contained (political) filth, whereupon Sir JAMES, unashamedly plagiarizing, retorted that Mr. PRITT was no doubt a good judge of the sort of literature he referred to.

Mr. PRITT, with lightning repartee, replied that he knew enough of the War Office to be a good judge of filth.

The House (for some inexplicable reason) did not seem to think this very brilliant dialectics and they called for order with a fine impartiality.

A little later the two were in the ring again, and replying to a stinging query, Sir JAMES, rather red in the face, said he was *not* anti-Russian, but *was* pro-British—and he hoped that Mr. PRITT could say the same. (Loud, prolonged, bitter and triumphant cheers.) Mr. PRITT'S contribution to

standard of living and the absence of unemployment. A learned debate followed, in the course of which Sir KINGSLEY WOOD, Chancellor of the Exchequer, assured the nation that it might safely lift up its heart and look to the future (financial, economic and other) with calm and quiet confidence. Taxes would be deflated "as soon as possible." The fear of inflation (the other sort) was always with us and controlled most of our economic policy.

It would be unwise, said Sir KINGSLEY, to think that we had already won the war, but . . . What an eloquent pause that was!

Over in the Lords, Lord BEAVERBROOK made another of his tempestuous appearances, dashed off a speech of a few sentences—the point of which was that we should win the war before we planned the peace—and was gone. And that was about all that made the sitting worth mention.

Wednesday, February 3rd.—Careful attention to the business of the House often reveals to one bright little pearls cast before its Members.

For example, these were culled to-day:

Members are not going to take their instructions from Sir Archibald Sinclair, the Air Minister.—*Mr. Shinwell.*

Of course they are not!—*Sir Archibald Sinclair.*

I suggest that the First Lord of the Admiralty should talk less—outside.—*Mr. Shinwell.*

You, too!—*Mr. Alexander, First Lord.*

The best way to improve the lighting of the House is—to open the windows.—*Lord Hinchingbrooke.*

The Fleet Air Arm is now better than it was two years ago.—*Mr. Alexander.* (This was a riot. Members laughed uproariously.)

I cannot admit that the Prime Minister's statement was unsatisfactory.—*Mr. Lyttelton, Minister of Production.*

Why?—*Half the House, in unison.*

Someone asked how Mr. ANTHONY EDEN could support at the same time the onerous offices of Leader of the House, Foreign Secretary and War Cabinet Member. 'Easy, said Mr. ATTLEE, and Mr. EDEN smiled as one to whom another little job never did any harm.

Mr. EDEN announced that 29,000 Jewish refugees were to be allowed into Palestine as soon as arrangements could be made, and this pleased the



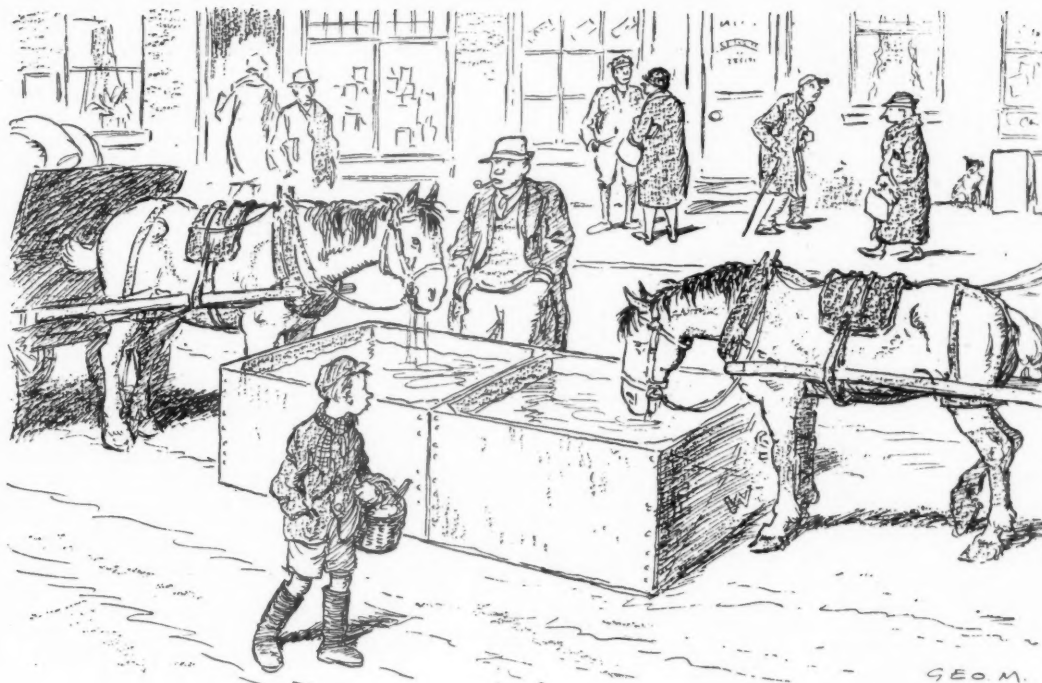
A DIFFICULT MOUNT

[Mr. R. C. Morrison, Minister Designate of Town and Country Planning.]

this brilliant Brains Trust was a request that the Minister should amend his own conduct so that he did not consistently malign and belittle one of our most important allies. (Triumphant glance from author of this crushing rejoinder.)

Mr. RONALD TREE, for too long in the silent wilderness as a Parliamentary Private Secretary, and now free again as an inquiring back-bencher, broke the angry spell with a good-tempered query about the value of the £ in North Africa, and all was well again.

Then Lord WINTERTON opened a two-days' debate on a motion asking for the setting out of an economic policy, saying that it was essential that we should avoid inflation, seek a good



"This is a tremendous improvement on the ridiculous little troughs they had when I was a colt."

House, distressed by the stories of Nazi anti-Jewish horrors.

Mr. EDEN also mentioned (a little less to the pleasure of the House) that affairs in French North Africa were not ours but those of the French, and that they could do as they liked.

Mr. NOEL-BAKER gave a queer sidelight on the present world orgy of destruction. Apparently people in Scotland like to conduct their own private orgies, for the Minister, speaking for the War Transport Ministry, gave this startling list of damage done in Scottish trains recently:

Carriage windows broken—2,000;
Window-frames damaged or cut off—1,500;
Black-out shades broken—1,000;
Electric lamp bulbs stolen or broken—43,000.

"Irresponsible vandalism of the most reprehensible kind," was Mr. NOEL-BAKER's moderate description of these activities.

The Commons discussed future economic policy again, and Mr. HUGH DALTON, President of the Board of Trade, drew a heartening picture of the plans the Government have to

restore trade and peace-time employment within a half-year or year of the end of the war. All very rosy, it was, and the House liked it.

But over in the Lords, Lord BEAVERBROOK, making his second public oration in a week, was urging that the country should concentrate on winning the war before concentrating on what to do with the peace. And one way to win the war, said he, was to send all the arms we could to Russia—at once, if not sooner. What we had sent so far was "parsimonious."

Noble Lords were interested to note that that phenomenon devised by Lord BEAVERBROOK, "Bisolation"—which used to mean ourselves and the United States of America in close partnership—is now apparently to mean ourselves and the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics in even closer partnership. We and the U.S.S.R., ran the argument, will be the only Powers that matter in Europe after the war. Therefore, let us get together.

Lord BEAVERBROOK's eloquence has some of the fascinating qualities of a cataract, but as it is evident that his mind moves as swiftly as his speech—

not a universal characteristic among public speakers—the sentiments were well received.

The Government promised to do what could be done to send more arms to Russia, without delay.

Thursday, February 4th.—Mr. ROBERT HUDSON, Agriculture Minister, opened, and other Members continued at length, a debate on land drainage. If the drained land is as dry as the debate, the food situation is solved.

Metathesis

My uncle has an idiosyncrasy;
For instance, he unwittingly says
"Cudip,"
And "antrihinum," and "balurnum-tree."
Isn't my uncle stupid?

Homœopathy

"Sir Herbert Williams (Cons.) wanted some organisation to say to the Civil Servants who drafted the regulations: 'What does all this unintelligible verbiage mean?'" —Daily Telegraph.



"Well, anyhow, they don't write nearly as legibly as they did before the war."

Little Talks

WELL, I suppose the next thing will be the authors.

What d'you mean?

I've just been reading Mr. Bevin's Catering Wages Bill.

And I suppose you're all against it?

I wouldn't say that—yet. Queerly enough, I like to think a bit about a long and complicated Bill before I shout "Yes" or "No." Few people do, I know; but—

How long is it?

Nineteen clauses—two schedules—fifteen pages. The Committee stage, if

there's a fight, may take quite a long time.

I don't see why there should be any fight. Personally I shall enjoy my drink and dinner much more if I'm quite sure the barman, or the waiter, are getting a square deal.

Of course. Have you met any barmen or waiters lately?

Dozens.

Have any of them whispered over your shoulder "Brava, Bevino! At last we're going to get a square deal!"

Can't say they have. But that's no

argument. Because a chap doesn't squeal, that's no reason why you should go on—

I agree again. But a complete absence of squeals is rather remarkable, isn't it?

Not if the chaps are wholly unorganized. That's the whole point. They've got no Union or anything. You're not against Trade Unions, I hope?

Certainly not. I belong to three myself.

Nonsense!

The Authors' Society, the Institute of Journalists, and the Bar.

Oh.

What d'you mean—"Oh"?

Nothing.

Well—to go back—Union or not, it would surely have been quite a simple matter to get some expression of opinion from the waiters and barmen, cooks and scullions. If I'd been the Minister I should have sent for one head-waiter, one waiter, one cook, one kitchen-maid and so forth from every town, and tried to find out—

Perhaps he did.

Maybe. We've not heard anything about it. There's been a lot about consultations with employers; but I've seen nothing about the workers being consulted.

Hardly necessary.

Why not? I thought this was a democratic country.

Yes, but I mean, it's quite obvious what they want—decent, regular hours and conditions, time off for meals, and so on.

Everybody working in an hotel, pub, or refreshment-house is already governed by the Shops Acts 1913 and 1934, and is entitled to maximum hours, a statutory "time off"—or rather two—already, not to mention many other things, including, in some circumstances, an annual holiday with pay. As a matter of fact I believe this trade was one of the very first to get holidays by Act of Parliament.

Maybe. But his wages aren't regulated.

Does he want that?

Wouldn't you? How would you like to exist on tips?

It would depend on the size of the tips.

And their regularity? Suppose they dry up?

True.

Then wouldn't you rather have a regular fixed wage?

I expect I should. But then I'm not a waiter. It was really his opinion I was trying to get at.

The tipping system is degrading to everyone. And so long as you have this chaotic, unregulated—

Ever travel by railway?

Of course.

That's a pretty well "regulated" industry, isn't it? There's a strong trade union, collective bargaining, conciliation boards, Acts of Parliament, and heaven knows what.

Yes.

Do you ever tip a porter?

Of course.

Does he look degraded? Do you?

That's not the point.

What is the point?

The point is that every man should be paid a sufficient and regular wage by virtue of his employment without being dependent on the casual whim of individual members of the public.

Do you think that authors and poets should be paid a fixed annual salary?

Certainly not. Why should they?

Well, we depend on the casual whims of individual members of the public; some of whom buy our books, and others, amazingly, do not.

That's quite different. Nobody asked you to be a writer.

No man, I believe, is compelled to be a waiter. But, as a matter of fact, the two trades have a lot in common. One feeds the mind, the other the stomach; they're both very "individual" jobs, and, as I've said, if you're going to regulate one I don't know why you shouldn't regulate the other.

You mean a statutory price for sonnets and so on?

Not only that. Take hours of work. A lot of authors overwork themselves disgustingly in order to make more money. So do waiters.

They're made to.

Not always. Take, for example, the chap who does a day's work in a City restaurant, and spends the evening waiting at a West End dinner or club. Quite unnecessary—pure greed of gain—or sometimes a desire for experience. Will that be stopped in a well-regulated industry?

Probably yes. Distribute the work.

Well, you may be right. All I'm suggesting is that the waiters are not likely to thank you much—any more than the writers would.

What does the Bill say about tips?

Well, there's another thing. The Explanatory Memorandum says: "Wages Boards will be free to deal with tips in any way they consider necessary and practicable having regard to the varied conditions of the Industry."

Passing the buck.

Yes. A nice job.

That's just the sort of thing Parliament ought to be firm about. It ought to say: Tips shall never be counted as wages.

Do you want to have your throat slit by infuriated head-waiters? What about income tax?

What about it?

I don't suppose that very much income tax is levied on the tip-section of a waiter's wages. Cut out the tip and give him the equivalent in "regular wage" and you merely increase his income tax.

Quite right too.

Maybe. I'm only giving one more reason why there may not be many excited mass-meetings crying "Brava, Bevino!"

Well, anyhow—

Quite. I'm not saying it's wrong on that account. But it might have been as well to find out about these (and a few other) things before producing an enormous Bill—especially in time of war. After all, before a hanging there's generally a trial.

But isn't there to be some sort of inquiry under the Bill?

Yes. A Catering Wages Commission, which is to inquire and examine, and so forth. But you don't have to force a Bill through Parliament to get a commission of inquiry. The King can do that by a stroke of the pen.

But what's the difference? If you're going to have an inquiry—

One difference is that you can appoint a Royal Commission without causing an almighty Parliamentary row in war-time. Another difference is that a Royal Commission (paradoxically) is wholly independent of the King's Ministers. And, by the way, is unpaid. Anyhow, the whole thing strikes me as a somewhat piecemeal and half-hearted affair.

"Piecemeal"? "Half-hearted"? But I thought you thought it went too far.

The declared object is not only to "regulate" the conditions of the

"workers" but to "provide for the efficiency and development of the industries."

I know—to build up a real good British catering trade, attract the foreigner and so forth.

That's right. Jolly good show. But neither in the Bill nor anywhere else is the really important stumbling-block, obstacle, blot and burden so much as mentioned.

What's that?

The Licensing Acts. Farewell.

A. P. H.

From Middle East

WHEN the Nazis are finally scuppered,
When the last of the Wops are whipped,
And home o'er the bounding billows
We warriors are shipped,

I shall choose me a sizeable meadow
Where sundry streamlets flow,
And somewhere about the middle
I shall build me a bungalow.

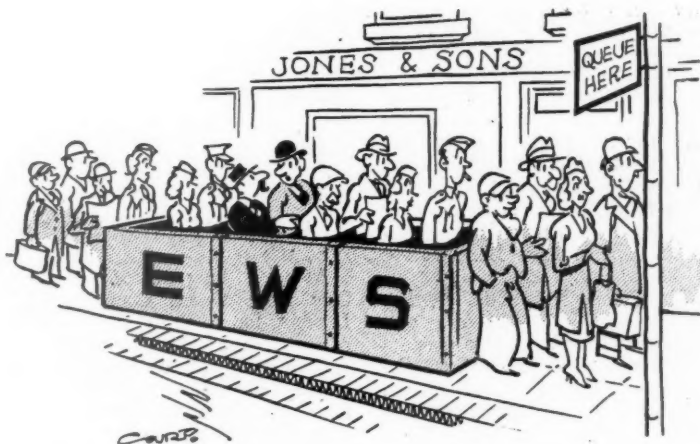
There shall be no road adjacent,
Only a muddy lane,
And all in a part of the country
Famed for excess of rain.

It may be inconvenient,
It will be so, no doubt,
But at least there'll be plenty of water
And no sand flying about.

A. W. B.

"The Fleet Air Arm have a new type of torpedo bomber . . . It will be equipped to carry a torpedo."—*Daily Mirror*.

That makes it quite clear.



At the Play

"THE GAY LORD QUEX" (ARTS THEATRE, CAMBRIDGE).

HIGH hopes are raised in a project announced by the Cambridge Arts Theatre Trust, and a consequent visit convinces us that those hopes are not going to be dampened. The aim is to establish a genuine repertoire company, in collaboration with Mr. NORMAN MARSHALL. It will have its headquarters at Cambridge, but will make frequent visits to other large towns to which names like those of Tchekov and Ibsen are not anathema. It also promises to Cambridge itself certain plays which will not be added to the repertoire because they are "perhaps not so likely to have a general appeal to less sophisticated audiences elsewhere." Could any wise town resist such a complimentary pat of butter on its toast?

We visited the first night of the season's second production, a revival of PINERO's *The Gay Lord Quex*.

Is *Quex* the great comedy we are always being told it was at its first presentation in April 1899? On paper, like most of PINERO, it is a disappointment. We do not warm at all to *Sophy Fullgarney*, the vivacious manicurist, who does her dubious best to keep her high-born friend *Muriel Eden* from marrying the wicked *Lord Quex* and very nearly compromises herself in the tortuous process. "There's not much to choose between us," says *Quex* to *Sophy* in the locked bedroom. "You're a low spy, an impudent, bare-faced liar, a common kitchen-cat who wriggles into the best rooms, gets herself fondled, and then spits. Therefore I've no compunction in making you pay your share of this score, my dear *Sophy*—none whatever." Far from burning with indignation (always on paper, mark you), we rather agree with the roué's castigation.

But PINERO was primarily a man of the theatre, and once we are assembled before his curtain and that curtain has parted, his spell is smoothly and surely at work almost before the first footman has crossed the stage. In *Quex* that initiating footman has been daringly replaced by four young lady manicurists in *Sophy's* New Bond Street salon. Their names are, if it please you, *Miss Moon*, *Miss Huddle*, *Miss Claridge* and *Miss Limbird*, and nothing about the Cambridge production is more charming than the affectations of graceful gentility imposed on both the movements and the voices of these twittering nail-trimmers. Then

Sophy comes in (it was IRENE VANBRUGH in the old days) with a tangled skein of plot already in her hands and a warm impetuous nature radiating from her to keep us agog and make us wonder what minor tragedy or cavorting comedy she will be bringing about next. She is intensely alive, rather frank and a shade vulgar, but yet so utterly likeable that the old *Countess of Owbridge* asks her down to Richmond to spend an afternoon, evening, and night at Fauncey Court. The ensuing complications make an old tale that has often been told. It comes quite new to Cambridge, of course. The dons' wives tighten their lips as they stare at it, fascinated. And their husbands, who may so easily know Oriental languages and palaeontology, brighten and become human. The young folk vow in the interval that it is all as good as a film. And the music, wittily chosen for that interval, is a selection from *The Geisha* which was just three years old when the play first took the town.

Mr. MARSHALL has not, in our experience, ever produced anything more felicitously—his simple procedure being to keep his author's text unaltered, obey his detailed stage-directions to the letter, resolutely refuse to do any burlesquing of any sort, and secure the most authentic costumes and the most sympathetic décor (Mr. GOWER PARKS). The producer has faith in his author; the result is so telling that we are once again driven to think that most producers have little or none. The two chief parts are heavy weights for young players of to-day to carry. But Mr. FRITH BANBURY does not stagger under the load of *Quex's* sententiousness, and Miss VIVIENNE BENNETT's genuine and ringing gaiety as *Sophy* will be a surprise to those who have only seen her in sultry impressionist plays. The Company is said to have won laurels in its first production, *Uncle Vanya*; and will have chances to win more in *Frolic Wind* and *The Wild Duck*, the next two plays to be done. No current theatrical project better deserves to prosper.

A. D.

At the Opera and Ballet

AFTER a long absence, the Royal Carl Rosa Opera Company are in London for a short season, with a repertoire of popular favourites. Italian opera, always delightfully and gaudily absurd, seems more so now than ever before, and though there seemed something ghostly about a

performance we attended of *Il Trovatore* this was probably due to the nostalgic lemon-trees covered with plaster-of-Paris fruit which decorated the front of the stage. But even if it seemed ghostly there was something reassuring too about the opera, for here, one felt, was the Italian back in his proper perspective; there is an extraordinary resemblance between Mussolini and his henchmen and the typical Italian opera villain in outlook, methods and physique. The villain in *Il Trovatore* even has at his command the operatic equivalent of a Blackshirt militia.

The story of this opera is tremendously involved, and unless one knows it beforehand it is quite impossible to gain the slightest idea of what it is all about. All that one gathers from *Ferrando's* long narration about the burning of the supposed witch and the stealing of the *Count di Luna's* infant brother is that something "gha-ha-ha-ha-hastly and fer-ighful" happened years ago. But when in the next scene one learns that the fair *Leonora*, beloved of the *Count*, is in love with a gallant troubadour, our suspicions are aroused; and when later the gipsy *Azucena* relates her version of the blood-curdling events connected with her mother's funeral pyre, when she threw what she thought was the *Count's* infant brother into the flames in revenge, the suspicion becomes a certainty; but in the true operatic style the murder does not come out until the *Count* has burned his long-lost brother and *Leonora* has poisoned herself.

The Company give a very effective performance of this opera. Miss GLADYS PARR is an excellent *Azucena*, Miss RUTH PACKER a languishing and tragic *Leonora*, and Mr. PARRY JONES is the hero, *Manrico*, and sings very well indeed. Every opera company contains singers with whom an amorphous roar does duty for the whole of the lower half of the scale and a similar roar for the upper half, but this is all in the tradition, and opera would hardly be opera without it.

The principal event of the new season of ballet being given by the Sadlers Wells Company is the revival of *Coppelia* with Miss MARGOT FONTEYN in the name-part. She gives us a sparkling, will-o'-the-wispish *Coppelia* quite different from the dazzling but rather steely *Coppelia* of Miss MARY HONER, who always produced the piquant effect of being really a doll instead of merely pretending to be one. The rest of the principals and the corps de ballet are as good as ever.

D. C. B.

Explanation to My Aunt

I'M afraid, Aunt, it's even more unfortunate than you think, if you really left all your furniture in store at the foot of Plynllymmon and now you can't get anybody to fetch it away. It's all very well to tell me you've got this dear little unfurnished cottage at Lyme Regis—but what are you going to put in it? . . .

Naturally, yourself and Jock. But do you realize that you'll have to manage as best you can with a convertible high chair, and a cot, and a few things like that? . . . No, I thought you didn't. You could have a play-pen too, I suppose—that might do for Jock, if you could get him to stay inside it, but those Aberdeen Terriers are so active. Of course you could get the convertible high chair without giving up any points, and the cot too, but I can't help feeling you wouldn't want to go to bed in a cot at all. . . .

I am trying to explain. . . .

Well, if you don't always follow everything that the Board of Trade says, that must be because you don't really pay attention, Aunt. It all boils down to this: You can't buy any more furniture except utility furniture, and you have to have a buying permit to get it. . . .

Dear me, Aunt, it isn't as simple as that. The only people who can get these permits to buy utility furniture are engaged couples. . . . No, of course I know you're not an engaged couple. . . . Aunt, there's nothing whatever to be upset about. I know that after poor Uncle Solomon was taken you said nothing would ever induce you to marry again, and that was nearly forty years ago. That's just why I think it's such a pity you ever moved from Plynllymmon without your furniture.

I'll just tell you about Diana Jones and her fiancé. They got engaged, Aunt, and fixed the wedding for two months ahead, because that's when the Board of Trade likes you to apply for the utility furniture permit—two months before the wedding. They did all the right things, poor pets. They both signed the application form, and they said they'd do without a dining-table because that would be six points and old Mr. Jones said he could give them a pre-war packing-case instead and Diana's sister promised to paint it for them. I think they argued a bit over how to spend some of the points, but they managed to compromise on

that, but of course, Aunt, two months is a fearfully long time nowadays, and they just couldn't stay the course. So they broke off the engagement. And believe it or not, the Board of Trade made them return the permit. So you see, they're in absolute dead earnest. . . .

No, Aunt, I mean the Board of Trade. I don't think Diana and the boy-friend were in dead earnest. Otherwise they'd have gone through with it. As it is, they had to return all the wedding-presents—not that anybody could find anything to give them, poor things, except spills to save matches, and a non-coupon scarf or two—

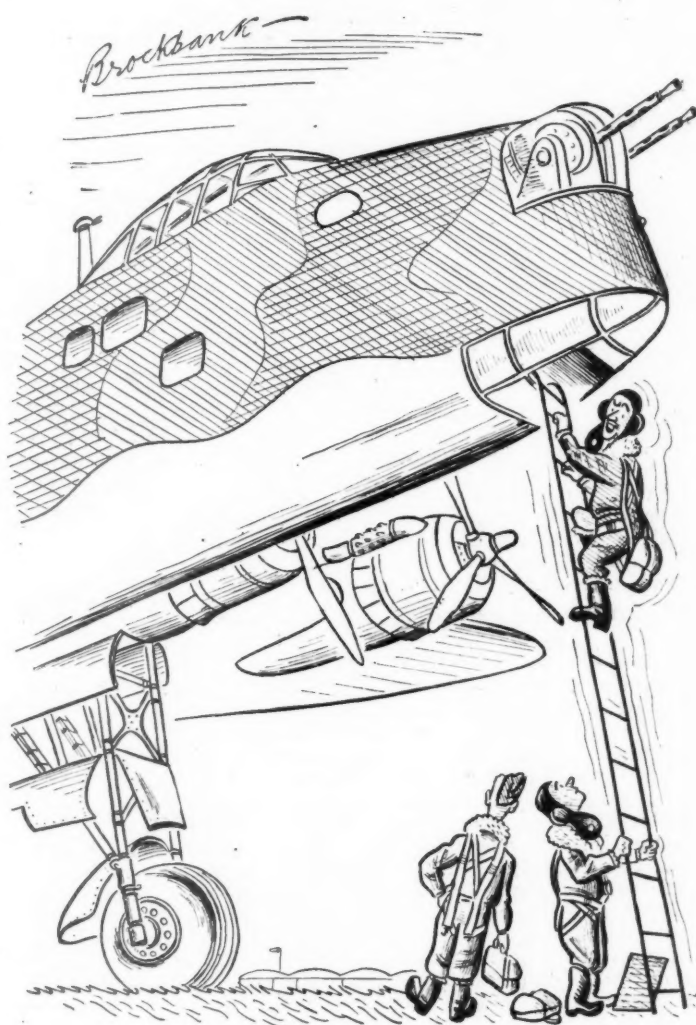
and this permit business into the bargain. . . .

Yes, it is. A very sad little story. And I quite agree that it doesn't really help a bit over you and Jock having nothing but this play-pen. . . .

Certainly it's very difficult for people of your generation. . . .

Yes, I suppose you could write up to the Board of Trade, if you really think that's a good idea. . . .

Aunt!! Obviously you're not in touch with any of the present-day fun. It won't help you at all about furniture to go writing to Sir William Beveridge. . . . E. M. D.



"Of course, I'm all right when it's in the air; it's climbing into it that makes me dizzy."



"This may come as a surprise—you're leaping ashore from a landing-barge."

Our Booking-Office

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks)

Napoleon at Play

It is interesting to compare what was written of Napoleon while he was still a menace to England with what Englishmen have written of him since his death. In 1814 the Poet Laureate, Robert Southey, called him "Remorseless, godless, full of frauds and lies, and black with murders and with perjuries," and in a strain as forcible as any inspired by Hitler warned France that

One man hath been for ten long wretched years
The cause of all this blood and all these tears;
One man in this most awful point of time
Draws on thy danger, as he caused thy crime.

Yet when the news of Napoleon's death reached England, *The Times*, which a few years earlier had been regretting that no description could more than faintly portray the foul and ghastly features of the grim idol worshipped by the French, noted mildly that Napoleon was steady and faithful in his friendships, and not vindictive on occasions when it was in his power to be so with impunity. Since this could be written in 1821, it is not surprising that by the end of the century Napoleon had become the martyr of St. Helena and the would-be restorer of a united Christendom.

If one may judge from Mrs. FAITH COMPTON MACKENZIE'S *Napoleon at The Briars* (CAPE, 5/-), Hitler has not rubbed as much bloom off the Napoleonic cult as might have been expected. She writes, for example, of England's betrayal of Napoleon's magnanimity in surrendering to her—a magnanimity which, to a less partial eye, may seem no more than the good sense of a housebreaker who dives into a police-station to escape from a householder with a gun.

When, however, Mrs. MACKENZIE comes down to the details of Napoleon's existence on St. Helena, she evokes both the place and the prisoner with a skill and delicacy which make Lord Rosebery's larger canvas seem in comparison indistinct and blurred.

The Briars was the home of William Balcombe, an agent of the East India Company. It had the most pleasant situation in St. Helena, and Napoleon, who noticed it on the day after his arrival, spent two months there, while Longwood was being got ready for him. Mr. Balcombe's daughter, Betsy, was fifteen, she had fair hair and blue eyes, was lively, impudent and spoke French. The friendship of this tomboy with Napoleon is the main theme of Mrs. MACKENZIE's sketch, which is based on Betsy Balcombe's own memoirs. It would be easy to sentimentalize the great conqueror in this part, but Mrs. MACKENZIE avoids the temptation, and does not even shrink from narrating how Napoleon, hearing from Betsy that a small friend of hers thought he was an ogre, ruffled his hair, and frightened the child almost out of her wits by rushing at her, grimacing and roaring like a wild animal.

H. K.

Isle of Purbeck

One can roughly divide young England into those to whom prolonged schooldays are an acceptable buffer from a pitiless world and those who are aching to leave and get on with a man's job. Because the Isle of Purbeck offers only three "estates"—quarrymen, farmers, and a type of more or less self-sufficient small-holder known as "heath-croppers," Purbeck, in the person of Mr. ERIC BENFIELD, has not much use for "education." The small fry found the hours too long; boys with local aspirations took the line of least resistance, because book-learning was "of no importance"; and the ambitious youths who passed examinations got nowhere afterwards. What the others got to in the way of a hard but manly and womanly life is delightfully told in *Southern English* (EYRE AND SPOTTISWOODE, 10/6), to the perfect accompaniment of Mr. DENYS WATKINS-PITCHFORD'S woodcuts. It is a book of "characters," from the author's blacksmith grandfather who went to America and came back to a hermit's shack alongside his shop, to the less-travelled recluse who lived in his quarry. One's ultimate impression is that "comfort" is a snare to be renounced by the rich and avoided by the poor—that is, if you wish to breed men and women and not automatons.

H. P. E.

Comme à la Waugh

Every now and then the blurb is right. Whoever, for instance, noticed the resemblance between *Sword of Bone* (FABER, 8/6) and Mr. Evelyn Waugh's novels showed unusual acumen. Unfortunately the blurb then lapses into the normal nonsense of blurbs by representing the author as Mr. Waugh's potential rival. What Mr. ANTHONY RHODES has done is to apply the same admirably satirical amusement to fact, or a considerable basis of fact, instead of fiction. The book records his impressions of life with the B.E.F. in France from the beginning of the war until the evacuation of Dunkirk. Everything wore, for this observer, an air of considerable unreality. Bracing himself at the start for mud and blood in the trenches, after the pattern of the previous war, he found that the blow did not fall, that the days of his life were bewilderingly but agreeably prolonged, and that the chief tax on him was the need to get on with his extremely assorted companions in the officers' mess. These are fictitious, we are told, but they are also characteristic, and their speech has the ring of truth. Mr. RHODES' duties (he was in the Sappers) enable

him to give a fairly complete picture, triumphs and mishaps included, of the organization of supplies, and his account of the retreat to Dunkirk and the wait there is not less dramatic for being considered with the same humorous detachment. The first eight months of the war lend themselves to this treatment. If it seemed a "phony" war to civilians at home, it must have seemed at least an anticlimax to soldiers brought up on the horrific novels about the last war.

J. S.

Freedom First

When we are all ticketed and docketed by those who pay the piper and call the tune, the poor whom Miss NANCY PRICE so gallantly champions (as an artist among artists) will cease, so far as their virtues go, to exist. We shall still have the V.C. she encountered in a pauper asylum, because all lunatics will be paupers. We shall still see the Relieving Officer discard as "rubbish" the royal chocolate-box of the old soldier, because the pride of personal property—the smaller the prouder—will have been deposed. But the freedom which makes almost the worst vagabondage endurable—the liberty to choose work and a bellyful or contemplation and a crust—will have gone. Before it does go you should meet it in Miss PRICE's portraits of the unproletarian poor. Here are Sussex wayfarers, Irish "buskers," a cottage potter ruined by cheap imports, a cottage dressmaker ignored by women too lazy to design their own clothes, a solitary miller and a recluse North-country farmer—each with his or her reposeful dialect reproduced by a connoisseur of voices. Shrewd enough where shrewdness is called for, but most remarkable for its unaffected humour and pathos, *Jack by the Hedge* (MULLER, 7/6) presents art and life at one of their rare conjunctions.

H. P. E.

White Magic

Although the four of Mr. WALTER DE LA MARE's stories now published under the title of *The Old Lion* (FABER, 3/6) are supposedly for children, remembering adults may delight in them more surely. The tale of *Maria-Fly* in particular will touch the older mind, for any child who knows that any thrush may speak at any moment will see nothing worth writing down about the little girl who suddenly became fly-conscious (in the best sense), because that sort of thing stands to reason. Yet because of his absolute reasonableness Mr. DE LA MARE must please the child as well: he never writes down or, worse, looks up to see who is listening. His story of the little black boy who is page to a doctor might have been conceived by Blake, but he would never have let him dip in white-wash as well as maintaining the integrity and delicacy of spirit. There is water-enchantment in the story of "The Lord Fish," a footlight-glint in the title-tale, but magic in all of them—unassailable and matter-of-fact magic aided by the perfectly chosen and placed words of a writer whose pen is a wand and whose nod is better than a wink to any but beauty-blind readers.

B. E. B.

Strange Adventures of a Young Lady

In his new novel, *Return of Yesterday* (QUALITY PRESS, 7/6), Mr. KENNETH INGRAM tells his story of the middle of last century inside a delicately ornamental frame of just-pre-war days, and there is not much excitement in its first seventy pages, in which *Emily Praed*, a daughter of one of the nicest households on Kingston Hill, meets—and meets again clandestinely—the captivating but not well-vouched-for artist *Jasper Hart*. From then on, with the police hunting for *Jasper*, and *Emily*, ostensibly staying with an aunt, throwing her lot in with his the story becomes quite

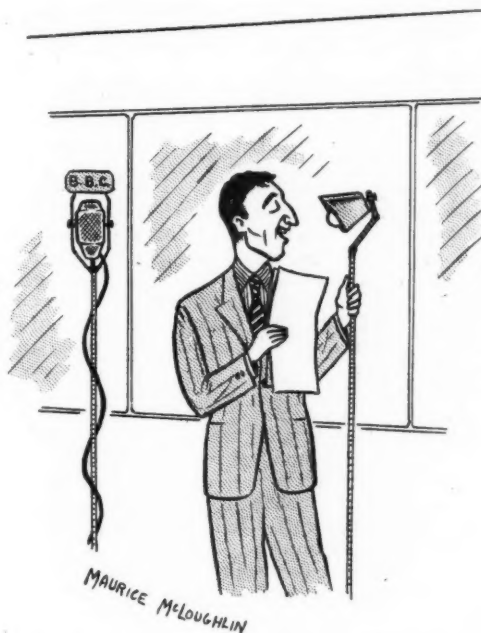
a different thing. Perhaps the spectacle of *Emily* hiding in ditches, tramping across country, sleeping in barns and outwitting policemen would not be quite as absorbing had we not first of all known her as the well-brought-up young lady that her friends, for the rest of a long life, believed her always to have been. For all her courage and independence fate sent her back to her well-furnished prison; and this secret high spot in her life is her most treasured memory in old age, as the reader, following her adventures with breathless interest, can well understand.

B. E. S.

Meeting Everybody

The author of *The Darkest Hour* has now produced his autobiography—*To-day We Are Brothers* (GOLLANCZ, 12/6)—under his pen-name of LEO LANIA. Few novels can have taken their hero through so many places or made him encounter so many celebrities and witness so many strange and pregnant happenings. LAZAR HERMAN (his real name) spent the first seven years of his life in Kharkov: when his father died the family moved to Vienna, to the house of his grandparents, who were orthodox Jews. There his mother married again and he began to dream of a literary life. 1914 came, and the war. LANIA was called up, sent to the Russian Front, and won the Iron Cross and the Silver Medal for Valour. Thence to the Italian Front. But the war was coming to an end, and he was invalided out of the army and drawn into Communism, which led to his being sent to Budapest as a delegate to discuss matters with Bela Kun. He seems, in short, at one time or another to have met all the leading figures of post-war Europe, including Mussolini and Hitler, neither of whom impressed him. In fact he confesses his entire inability to understand the latter's reputation as a speaker. After the Nazi seizure of Austria he moved to Paris, and the story of what happened to him there is told in *The Darkest Hour*.

L. W.



"Now, I wonder how many of you have spotted this week's deliberate mistake?"



"What's this £500, Marcus, filed under 'Bribery'?"

Early Christians

EARLY Christians may be seen, very early and very miserable, at any R.A.F. Station. They are the Physical Training Class awaiting the arrival of the Physical Training Sergeant. They are huddled apprehensively together in the cold light of dawn, as if waiting in a Roman arena to take part in the big event, playing opposite a team of Nubian lions. And if they had any say in the matter they'd prefer Nubian lions.

The Sergeant descends briskly upon them. He is bursting with rude health and wearing a gloating smile. He gazes hungrily at the victims for a bit, licking his lips in an anticipatory manner, and then suddenly barks out a stentorian order. Several of the weaker brethren are knocked over by blast. He tells them ominously he'll soon make MEN of them, and marches them off to the gymnasium. Here he gloats over them a bit more, dry-washing his hands and chuckling to himself, while they stare fearfully at the instruments of torture.

There is a bewildering array of these: parallel bars for breaking the wrist, vaulting horses for fracturing the spine, hanging rings for producing obscure internal injuries, and on the wall barred racks for drawing a man out to

twelve inches more than his normal length. The only humane note in the whole set-up is a Red Cross first-aid box, and that is rather too obviously and prominently displayed for mental comfort. Quite possibly it merely contains stimulants for prolonging human endurance or bringing victims round in time for the next torture session.

The Sergeant starts off with what he calls a simple hopping exercise. He does it himself a bare three or four times to show what it is and then walks leisurely round hurling insults and taunts at those Early Christians not keeping up a good standard. A hop according to him should not be less than three and a half feet. The class get more and more tired while he continues to talk, but he is quite indifferent. They would not be surprised to see him sit down with a newspaper or go out for a coffee, leaving them hopping their hearts out.

After the passage of what seems like five days the exercise ends and the Early Christians are told to relax. It would seem an unnecessary command, but in view of what is probably to come it is difficult to carry out with composure.

They then have to lie full length face

downwards and with the arms push their chests up slowly off the floor and lower them again. At first it is so easy that the Early Christians think the Sergeant is losing his grip, but when he starts giving them the time by long-drawn-out numbers—"Fi-i-i-i-i-ive . . . Si-i-i-i-i-ix . . ." they realize he's still at the top of his form.

In the double figures his voice can hardly be heard above the groaning of tortured lungs and the snapping of overstrained ligaments.

Another five days pass. . . .

Shortly before total collapse the gang is ordered to its feet—this is in itself by now a herculean task—and told to "limber up." This, they are told, means sloshing each other about as roughly as possible—"Put something into it!" Only lack of strength prevents any serious casualties; but the Early Christian faces all wear a yearning look as they see the Sergeant standing by, alone unslashed. He is, however, in far too good condition for anyone to take a chance on it.

After a further five days the Sergeant introduces some complicated exercises with bars. No one sustains any major compound fracture and he gives up in disgust. He then tries the Early Christians out on the rings. It is obvious he hopes one of them will get his head through and hang himself—possibly deliberately, to put himself out of his misery. But none of them seems to have the courage—or more likely by then the physical strength to do it, and once more he gives up. Besides, he has noticed that while one victim is being worked over, the rest are actually standing idle. With an evil grin he starts "medicine ball."

This is a large ball weighing about three hundredweight. He tells an Early Christian to pick it up. Several of them move towards it: it's obviously a four-man job. He barks: "Only one of you, you aren't young ladies!" at them, and they gaze at each other incredulously while one wretched man approaches the ball. Sweating and panting—suspecting too that it is chained to the ground—he at last manages to get it knee-high. He is then told to throw it to another man—"You 'eard. THROW IT!"

Once more incredulous glances are exchanged, but under the lash of a raucous voice and an inflexible will soon the Early Christians—all of whom feel they have been irreparably damaged internally—are heaving the mighty weight at each other.

Five more days pass and, unbelievably, the Early Christians are dismissed. Each aching mass of torn ligaments,

wrenched joints and bruised flesh totters from the arena, the weaker ones being carried out by those who are still able to stand.

The Sergeant goes off whistling and drumming on his chest. . . . A. A.

Air-Mail Argument

AUGUST 1940

. . . so I feel that, in Billy's case, perhaps school is the only answer. You see, darling, Mrs. Merryfinch said this morning that she could not and would not be spoken to like that, and if *she* goes it is the end, darling. I feel it's no use my going on at him, and on and on and on and on. Or is it? Tell me what you think.

I have been trying to make up my mind lately about the Germans and what to do with them after the war. Have you read that thing by somebody which says that they are *all* simply appalling, without any exception, and have been ever since Attila? I think this is so wrong and bigoted, and I have just read such an interesting article saying the Germans are human beings and really it's only a few horrible Prussians at the top. I so agree with this (except for Hitler being an Austrian) and think this is the moment, if any, to keep our heads, and extend a hand to the German *people* behind the *backs* of the ones at the top. If they took it, the war might end quite suddenly. What do you think?

JANUARY 1941 (MIDDLE EAST)

. . . About Billy—it rather depends what kind of thing he actually says. If he hurls pretty hot abuse at Mrs. Merryfinch I think it's worth going on and on about it. But if he just looks in at the kitchen and says "Blast you, old Merryfinch," or something like that, then I think Mrs. M. should take it, or go. Life otherwise becomes not worth the living. We can't afford a school, so be firm all round, darling. About the Germans—even had we the machinery for extending a hand to them, I can see no point in it. I don't agree that they are human beings in any accepted sense of the word, and the simply-appalling-without-any-exception theory is nearer my mark. This is total war, you can't afford to be sentimental, my poor little sweet. Did you say my grey check suit had the moth? . . .

AUGUST 1941

Jerry Mole just found letter brought

home from you in his sea-boot stockings, it had been with him several times to Murmansk and back. No, of course Billy didn't say Blast you, old Merryfinch, and if he had I certainly should not have expected Mrs. Merryfinch to take it. I think manners are *everything*, darling, and can't be learnt too early. You in the Lebanon may blithely say that she can take it or go, but her going doesn't mean your rising at six-thirty to peer into the boiler, and not sitting down till midnight. I've written pages and pages about the Germans in another air-mail letter. Tell if it gets sunk and I'll write it all again. It's essential you should get it, darling, because it explains how you've entirely missed the point. Why in the world should your grey check suit have moth in it?

JANUARY 1942

. . . I'm not in the Lebanon. You

still don't tell me what Billy does say. If he's a blasted nuisance, send him to Aunt Winkle for a bit, she won't mind and is mostly in bed. While essential not to sentimentalize over the Germans, one cannot help occasionally calling to mind that Germany is the land of Santa Claus. A chap here has a German third cousin and he writes that the *masses* in Germany only await the signal from us to rise as one man against H. and Co. I just had a peculiar telepathic feeling about the moth in my grey check suit, that's all. As to your outburst of crustiness about me in the Lebanon, where I was not, I would refer you to your own remark that manners are everything and can't be learnt too early.

APRIL 1942

. . . and if the third cousin had even indicated what the signal the masses were awaiting was, there might be



"Advance and be recognized—one at a time, please!"

some point. I can't well imagine, darling, anything more sentimental than to say Germany is the land of Santa Claus, how could it possibly affect the issue in any way? I've just finished a fascinating book by a man who has clung to the Wilhelmstrasse since the beginning of the war, and am now completely convinced that *all* Germans are *sub-human*, and don't see how any sane person could suggest otherwise. I never, even in 1939, said that Billy was a blasted nuisance. I only said I simply must do something about Mrs. Merryfinch but of course, she's a fearfully stupid touchy old thing and never understood children in the least. Billy is most attractive now, his face is fining down, and I adore him. How funny about your feeling about the moth in your grey check suit!

AUGUST 1942

... Even if Billy's face is fining down it doesn't solve the problem of his ghastly manners. You must keep Mrs. Merryfinch at all costs. Some letters must be missing, as I never really heard her reactions to his lacing her teapot with whisky. About the

Germans, I should try not to get carried away by blood-lust, my precious. I met one here, captured by us, who plays an excellent game of bezique, and there may be many others like him. This is the moment, if any, to keep one's head.

DECEMBER 1942 (Air-Mail Card)

DON'T FUSS SO ABOUT BILLY. MRS. MERRYFINCH LEFT ABOUT A YEAR AGO.

JANUARY 1943 (Cable)

HAVE YOU ALTERNATIVE TO MRS. MERRYFINCH HOW ARE YOU DON'T RISK NERVOUS COLLAPSE SUGGEST SEND BILLY TO SCHOOL IMMEDIATELY SPARING NO EXPENSE.

JANUARY 1943 (Cable)

BILLY AT SCHOOL TWO TERMS ALREADY IN THIRD SOCCER ELEVEN. BLISS HAVE YOU NOT RECEIVED LETTERS DESCRIBING NEW REGIME WITH PAYING GUESTS WHO DO MOST HOUSEWORK WONDERFUL SUCCESS.

JANUARY 1943 (Cable)

NO STOP WHAT ARE WE ARGUING ABOUT STOP

FEBRUARY 1943

... I see your grey check suit has got moth in it. What a pity!

Tide

IT was a long time ago,
The tale of a little land
And the citadel of a strong foe
Built on sand.

The land stood, day on day
Under darkened skies,
Like a brave man at bay
With his enemies.

Much has happened since then;
Hell has been loose on the earth,
And the lands of peaceful men
Have stood in its path.

But after waiting and waste,
And the spirit's dearth and drouth,
Victory has a sweet taste
In a man's mouth. M. E. R.



"Well, I think it was about TIME they improved the lighting on railways."

NOTICE.—Contributions or Communications requiring an answer should be accompanied by a stamped and addressed Envelope or Wrapper.

The entire copyright in all Articles, Sketches, Drawings, etc., published in PUNCH is specifically reserved to the Proprietors throughout the countries signatory to the BERNE CONVENTION, the U.S.A., and the Argentine. Reproductions or imitations of any of these are therefore expressly forbidden. The Proprietors will, however, always consider any request from authors of literary contributions for permission to reprint.

CONDITIONS OF SALE AND SUPPLY.—This periodical is sold subject to the following conditions, namely, that it shall not, without the written consent of the publishers first given, be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of by way of Trade except at the full retail price of 6d.; and that it shall not be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition or in any unauthorised cover by way of Trade; or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.

Glastonburys and Gremlins

There are "Gremlins" with icicle fingers that meet our airmen in the upper altitudes. Only sheepskin-lined flying kit can keep them at bay.

So when you are unable to find a pair of Morlands Glastonbury sheepskin-lined slippers or boots in the shop just when you want them, remember that Gremlins are much fiercer up aloft than on ground level. You will not grudge the air crews their protection.

There will be very few pairs of Morlands Glastonburys available this winter but distribution through the shops is being fairly arranged.* You may have to wait for a pair. Meantime, please take care of any you have. Don't soak them on rainy days and don't "bake" them near a fire.

* So please do not write to the makers.

MORLANDS GLASTONBURYS



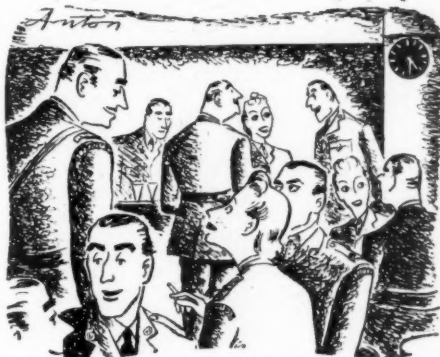
A sheepskin slipper with soft leather sole and a cosy turn-over top.

A wartime ladies' ankle boot—sheepskin lined Warm, serviceable, and neat.



The United Nations at Simpson's

SERVICES CLUB



AS SEEN BY *Anton*
THE FAMOUS PUNCH ARTIST

At Simpson's Services Club, 'United-ness' grows in comradeship. There are baths, telephones, good bar, theatre service, barber-shop—all under one roof! Above all, a warm welcome to all officers, men and women of the United Nations.



202 PICCADILLY, W.1. PHONE: REGENT 2002

Who saves Industry millions a year in MAINTENANCE?



A PIPE-LINE coated with "Bitumastic" and immersed in 75 ft. of water showed no deterioration after eight years. Steel surfaces on a tug-boat similarly coated were absolutely free from corrosion after 38 years, and the penstocks of the Panama Canal after 15 years' service required no re-coating. These are typical examples where large sums were saved by the use of "Bitumastic" and other Wailes Dove Anti-Corrosion products.

The benefit of the very extensive experience and technical knowledge gained by Wailes Dove over a period of 88 years is placed freely at your disposal. Please write to Dept. E4.

* "BITUMASTIC" is not an adjective, but a registered TRADE MARK, the exclusive property of WAILES DOVE BITUMASTIC LTD.

WAILES DOVE

BITUMASTIC LTD

The People who Defeat Corrosion



HEBBURN · CO · DURHAM · ENGLAND

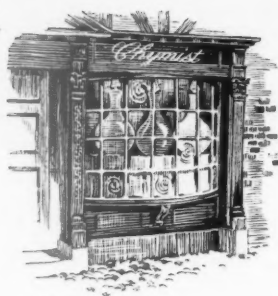
GD 93/B

The Economy Drink

OXO makes the finest quick drink for cold days. Children love it, and a cup of hot OXO will send them off to school warm to the fingertips!



OF SPECIAL VALUE FOR
GROWING CHILDREN



When you take your doctor's prescription to a registered chemist, you can be confident that it will be accurately dispensed by a fully qualified man—a Member of the Pharmaceutical Society. When your chemist recommends Euthymol Tooth Paste, you know that it is the established opinion of one whose training and experience have given him wise judgment.

EUTHYMOL TOOTH PASTE

CLOCHES WIN!

In recent important Tomato Growing Trials Tomato Plants grown under Cloches averaged **SIX TIMES THE WEIGHT OF TOMATOES** obtained from plants grown out in the open.



You can get results as good. But order your Cloches at once while they're available. Complete list sent on request.
"3-YEAR GROWING PLAN," Post Free, 1/-

Chase Cloches

CHASE LTD., Abbey Rd., DUNSTON, Surrey

The popular British Cigar with the mild Havana flavour.
CARASADA INTERMEZZOS

Elegant shape 4 1/2 inches long, as illustrated.

Box of 25 for 25/-
(4 other sizes available)

GREEN'S LTD.,
Cigar Importers,
37 & 38, Royal Exchange,
Cornhill, London, E.C.3

Your Hair Brush rebristled

I specialise in replacing bristles in worn brushes. Forward your Ivory, Silver or Ebony brushes, when quotation will be sent by return of post.

JOHN HASSALL,
Brush and Mirror Manufacturer
(Dept. L.)

64 St. Paul's Churchyard, LONDON, E.C.4

OLDEST INHABITANT of the Shoe Cupboard

MANY a pair of suede shoes has earned this honourable title through the regular application of Meltonian Suede Cleaner.

To-day it's a duty, as well as sound sense, to make all shoes stay young longer. Your suede shoes at any rate can look forward to a long and useful life—kept soft and supple and free from shiny spots—by treating them to Meltonian Suede Cleaner.

Meltonian SUEDE CLEANER

Use
Meltonian White Cream
for polished leather
of any colour



STAYING BRIGHT

A great asset, this ability of ours to smile and win through! Bright lighting in the home will help to preserve this spirit. Use less electricity, but get the best out of what you do use by means of



They Stay Bright Longer

**SAVE ELECTRICITY
BY ALL MEANS**

Made in England by
The British Thomson-Houston Co. Ltd. 3971



For every common ailment there is a Heath & Heather Herbal remedy

"HERBS FOR HEALTH" is no mere catch phrase. It is sound common sense because Herbs are Nature's own medicine.

Why go on suffering indifferent health when there's a genuine herbal remedy for your particular complaint? Full details are contained in our famous Book of Herbs, (Price 1d.).



Heath & Heather Ltd HERB SPECIALISTS, ST. ALBANS

Please send me your Book of Herbs for which I enclose 1d. stamp.

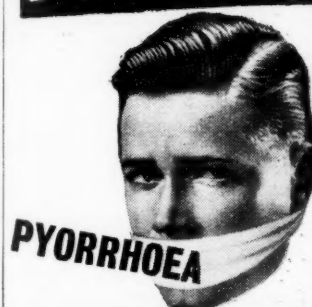
Name

Address

X

POST COUPON TODAY!

BEWARE!



4 OUT OF 5
ARE RISKING
SORE GUMS
TENDER GUMS
INFLAMED GUMS
BLEEDING GUMS

Tender, bleeding gums are danger signs, which, neglected, lead to gum disease (Pyorrhoea). Forhans will eradicate these gum affections—used in time, prevent them altogether. Thousands of dentists use Forhans Anti-pyorrhoea Astringent. Thousands of them recommend Forhans Brand Special Formula Dentifrice containing Forhans Anti-pyorrhoea Astringent. Don't let pyorrhoea claim you as a victim. See your dentist, and start using Forhans to-day! In three sizes.

Only FORHANS Brand contains the "special formula" Anti-Pyorrhoea Astringent.



**"JUST BRUSH YOUR
TEETH WITH IT" ..**

ON SALE ALL OVER THE WORLD

**Don't
let
Rats
share your
Rations**



GIVE THEM

RODINE

From all Chemists at 7d. & 1/3

Second to None



...the motto of The Royal Scots Greys. Formed 1681. The badge commemorates the capture of the Eagle Standard of the French 45th Regt. at Waterloo. Colonel-in-Chief: H.M. The King.

An appreciation of H.M. Forces, by the makers of

**WARDONIA
BLADES** FOR BETTER SHAVES
1/- & 2/6 Packets (Plus Tax)
SOLD BY ALL N.A.E.L. COUNTERS

What is a good Eye Lotion

First of all it is a *Lotion* — that is, a **LIQUID** medicinal preparation.

Secondly, it is a Lotion which is approved by oculists, doctors and opticians and others.

Thirdly, it is a Lotion which is prepared, not in the factory, not even in the home, but in the completely aseptic conditions of the laboratory.

Fourthly, it is a Lotion that is *kind to the eye*—like its own natural fluid.

Fifthly, it is a Lotion that can safely be used for all eyes of all ages, at all times, whatever their state of health or sickness.

Sixthly, it is a Lotion that your eyes can go on using, however frequently or copiously it is applied.

Six good reasons for using



Optrex Ltd., Wadsworth Rd., Perivale, Middx.

"That's an old favourite..."



And a firm favourite, too,
with the best cooks since
grandmother's day . . . A
piquant extract of beef to
enrich your wartime dishes.



LEMCO

THE ORIGINAL

Concentrated Beef Extract

PREPARED BY OXO LIMITED · LONDON



BRITISH ROPES in Building

From the digging of the foundations to the final coat of paint, there are few operations in the building industry that do not call for the services of British Ropes Ltd. Ropes are vital for steam-shovel or drag-line; for giant crane or single block and tackle. Scaffold cords, ropes for cradles; twines and tarpaulins, all play their part in modern building. And in the building itself there are ropes for lifts; sash cords, blind cords; springs: an endless list of articles whose origin is in our factories. Though our organisation is busier than ever, we may be able to assist you. Please write.

BRITISH ROPES LIMITED
DONCASTER

We make ropes and wire products for every industrial purpose. They represent the highest quality in the world's rope industry. Though war restrictions necessarily limit supplies, our expert advisory service will continue to give advice and assistance to all our customers in every technical difficulty.



his Spitfire . . .



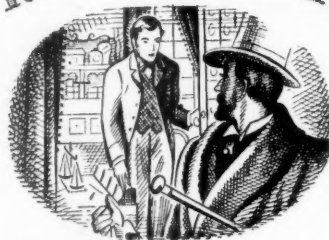
He had dreamed of it—
thought of it—
read of it—
joined the A.T.C.
for it—
Watched it through the
classroom window,
and now
He'd got it . . .
His own Spitfire!
He had worked hard—
even studied . . .
listened with his eyes
popping, asked
questions, travelled to
Canada—to America
and back home just
to climb into that
cockpit . . .
and now it was his.
He had charged through
clouds with it—
in and out of the sun—
he had climbed
and looped in it—
and done the
victory roll . . .
more than once.
There were several
Messerschmitts and
Focke Wulfs that
would fight no more—
for he had under his
hand—the toughest . . .
the truest . . .
the nimblest . . .
Terror of the air . . .
His SPITFIRE!

Every enemy plane he kills is a stroke for our freedom. *We owe him a great deal—more than we shall ever repay.* Our savings—which we merely lend—what are they compared with what he gives? . . . Don't measure your savings by what you can spare—think instead of what you OWE.

Issued by the National Savings Committee



BY ROYAL COMMAND



'Take a shop,' said the Prince, and Mr. Marcovitch, who was then making his cigarettes in an obscure room near Piccadilly, knew that their excellence had made him famous. Soon these cigarettes were the choice of every Court in Europe and of every circle whose members cherished the reputation of their taste. To-day Marcovitch Cigarettes are made to the same high standards as won the approval of that Eminent Personage and his friends; they are rolled of the very finest tobacco, for the pleasure of those whose palates appreciate perfection.

Marcovitch

BLACK AND WHITE

cigarettes for Virginia smokers

Flat 15 for 2/- — 25 for 3/4
100 for 13/3

**Also BLACK AND WHITE
SMOKING
MIXTURE**



2 oz.
Airtight tin
5/-

ISSUED BY GODFREY PHILLIPS LTD
in their 99th year.